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JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE IN THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES, 1853

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JOURNAL

OF A

RESIDENCE IN THE

DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES,

In the Autumn and Winter

OF 1853.

BY PATRICK O'BRIEN.

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JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE

DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES,

CHAPTER I.

Last September I left Constantinople in the Austrian steamer, 'Fernando I.,' for the mouth of the Danube. A northerly wind was blowing fiercely down the Bosphorus, and the sea was breaking furiously over the Seraglio Point. On the way from Tophana to the steamer, the caïque into which I got was more than once nearly swamped, and it was only after considerable difficulty that I succeeded in getting on board. It was late in the afternoon when we reached the Bay of Buyukdéré, where we stopped for some minutes to take on board the despatches of

the Austrian Internuncio. From where we then were we could see the Egyptian squadron anchored before the Sultan's Valley, and on the heights above it the green tents of Abbas Pasha's soldiers. From the centre of the Bay of Buyukdéré, stretching away in an oblique line as far as the entrance of the Black Sea, was the Turkish fleet. The trim frigate close beside us, and the first in the line, was that commanded by Captain Slade, of the British navy, and at present a Pasha in the Turkish service. It was the first day of the Courban Bairam, and the Turkish and Egyptian ships were gaily dressed out with flags. We passed close to the 'Mahmoudia,' one of the largest ships in the world, carrying 120 guns, and bearing the flag of the Capaudan Pasha, or Turkish Lord High Admiral. Nothing could look more warlike or statelier than the Sultan's fleet; and it is to be presumed that in action the ships would be well handled and gallantly fought by officers and men. From the Sultan's Valley on the Asiatic side, and Therapia on the European side, strong batteries had been erected at

intervals as far as the entrance of the Black Sea. Within the straits the guns are generally planted close to the water's edge, but at the mouth of the Bosphorus the batteries are more elevated. After struggling for some hours in the Euxine against the northerly wind and a heavy sea, we were forced to put back and anchor for the night off Buyukdéré. The wind having fallen a little towards morning we again started, and on the evening of the same day we reached the small port of Bourgas, and some twelve hours later anchored before Varna. Both are open roadsteads, affording no shelter whatever against the north-easterly wind. We landed considerable sums in specie at both these ports, sent by merchants in Constantinople to their agents there, for the purchase chiefly of grain and hides, which are the principal articles of trade at both Bourgas and Varna. All purchases in the interior of Turkey must be made in specie, the holders of merchandize resolutely refusing to accept the Kaimés, or paper money in circulation at the capital. Gold and

silver have of late risen considerably in value at Constantinople. The gold piece issued at 100 piasters is now worth 115, and the silver piece of 20 piasters has risen to 22. But no Turk is allowed by the law to take advantage of the fluctuations in the rate of exchange; and if he offers the gold or silver money of the country for more than the value at which it has been originally issued, he exposes himself to summary punishment. We found ten thousand men encamped in the neighbourhood of Varna. The fortifications looked respectable, but the guns did not seem to be very efficiently manned; for whilst we lay in the harbour, three men-of-war, apparently Egyptian, which were under sail in the offing, saluted the town in passing, and it was fully three-quarters of an hour, and when the ships were possibly out of hearing, before the salute was returned. The majority of the inhabitants are Christian, who seemed to live in constant fear of their lives and property since the arrival of Abbas Pasha's Arabs in their neighbourhood.

On the morning following our departure from Varna, we anchored at about a mile from the mouth of the Danube. There being only six feet of water above the bar, we could not approach nearer. The expanse of muddy water before us was strewed with wrecks. There was something fearfully desolate in the scene. Where the water was shallow, the dark hulls of ships were peering above the yellow tide, like half-covered corpses, and in other places, the masts alone of the sunken vessel were seen rising up from the water, like the outstretched arms of a drowning man. Stranded on the shore was the large hull of a Dutch-built vessel, rotting in the sun, and close to us were some men in boats, trying to fish up the cargo of a vessel which had gone down the day before. Within the bar was another steamer waiting to convey us up the Danube. We crossed to it in a barge, with her sails set, for the wind was fair; she was, moreover, pulled by six men, and towed by another six-oared boat, with sails also set. In about an hour, we reached the steamer waiting for

us in the Danube, and having breakfasted on board, we landed for the purpose of looking at the town of Sulina.

Sulina belongs to Russia. It is composed of a double row of one-storied wooden houses, straggling along the river-side, with a dreary marsh behind them. Most of the houses are built upon piles, in the midst of pools of putrid water, which oozes out from the neighbouring marsh. The place is reeking with fevers in the summer months, and is almost uninhabitable from the cold in winter. Pilots, fishermen, tavern-keepers, and lightermen, with a few Russian soldiers and a Greek priest or two, form the population of the town of Sulina. I counted more than two hundred vessels of different sizes at anchor in the river. Some had been there for three months, unable to get over the bar! almost every attempt to get to sea had proved fatal since the beginning of the month of June; and all efforts to cut a channel through the bar, appear to have been abandoned. A Russian dredging-vessel was lying idle at the mouth of the river, and judging from the

mud with which it was encrusted, and its otherwise filthy and neglected appearance, it must have been unemployed for a long time. Close to the dredging-vessel was a Russian gun-boat. The only person on her deck was a long marine, in a mud-coloured great coat, hanging over the bulwark, and dropping bits of straw into the tide. According to the treaty of Adrianople, the island of St. George, on which Sulina is built, as well as the other islands of the Danube, ought to be uninhabited. The Russians, however, built a quarantine station at the south-eastern point of Lati Island, and shortly after they raised the little town of Sulina, of which they constituted themselves the masters. At the opposite point of St. George's island, at the entrance of the channel, the Russians have also built a quarantine station. The rest of the island of St. George is a desolate swamp.

Independent of other causes, the lowness of the water over the bar, at the mouth of the Danube, since last June, would have been sufficient to stagnate the commerce of Ibraila and Galatz. And yet it seems to me, that

with a little good will on all sides, nothing would be easier than to keep a passage open through the bar, of from fourteen to sixteen feet deep. It will be seen from the hard pull which we had from the steamer to Sulina, that the current must have been very strong; it must have been running at least five knots an hour. All, therefore, that is required, would be to rake up the sand, of which the bar is composed, and the force of the current would carry it away. A dredging-vessel constructed with rakes, and not buckets, would easily effect this. Driving piles on either side would, of course, keep the channel permanently open; but without going to this expense, the dredging-vessel, properly worked, could make a safe passage for ships, drawing even twelve feet of water, during the summer months.

The St. George's Channel, which runs between the other side of the island and the Bulgarian bank of the river, might also be made navigable. In the shallowest parts there are twelve feet of water; and the water over the bar, which is at the mouth of

this channel, varies at different points from seven to fourteen feet. No regular soundings have, however, yet been made, and no buoys laid down; no vessels, therefore, can attempt that passage. The Kilia Channel, which runs between the island of Lati and Bessarabia, is navigable through its whole length; but being in the power of Russia, it is never entered by ships of any other nation.

There is no country more deeply interested in rendering the Danube navigable at its mouth than England, and it is England alone that has shown a sincere and constant desire to effect that object. In 1851, the exports from Ibraila by sea amounted to 778,157*l.*, and its imports up the Danube to 334,078*l.* The exports from Galatz by sea in the same year amonted to 496,368*l.*, and the imports up the Danube to 374,233*l.*, making in all a sum for imports and exports of 1,982,836*l.* British subjects and British ships have the principal share in this trade; it is, therefore, the duty of Her Majesty's Government to exert its influence

to remove, as far as possible, all obstructions to the free navigation of the entrance of the Danube.

In about twelve hours after leaving Sulina we reached Galatz; and after landing a portion of our cargo, and a few passengers, we proceeded to Ibraila, which is about ten miles higher up the river.

CHAPTER II.

ALL persons arriving in Moldavia or Wallachia from Turkey are obliged to perform four days' quarantine. This is simply a measure of police, for European Turkey has, for some years past, been in as healthy a state as any other country in Europe. Between Constantinople and Malta there is at present but a nominal quarantine; and between the former port and Trieste there is none. The quarantine in the Principalities is a polite incarceration of four or five days, during which the police have every necessary facility for making inquiries into your political opinions and your object in visiting the country.

On landing at the quarantine-ground at Ibraila, a police officer asked me for my passport. I showed a teskéré, or order from the Turkish authorities at Constantinople to admit me, without let or hindrance, into Moldo-Wallachia. This he waved aside with contempt. I then showed him my English passport, properly viséd. To this latter document he made no objection; and accompanied by the other passengers, who had landed at the same time as myself, and a guard of Wallachian soldiers, I made my solemn entry into the quarantine of Ibraila. Everybody confined in this quarantine is supposed to have brought with him his bed and all other necessary domestic utensils. Luckily for me, a Greek merchant, going to Bucharest with his family, came into quarantine at the same time as myself, and he was so kind as to lend me a bed, and from the guardiano I hired a half barrel, which I saw before the door, and in that I performed my daily ablutions. The guardiano brought me my food at stated intervals during the day. As he did not like making more than

one journey from the kitchen to the den where I was immured, he brought all the materials for whatever meal it might be at once. At dinner hour, for example, he appeared with a basin in one hand and an earthen dish in the other. In the basin was soup, and on the dish boiled meat or pilaff, or both together; and about his person he carried the rest of the dinner, and at times some small article which he did not find room for in his pockets he held between his teeth. After he had laid the basin and the dish on the table, he drew forth a little plate, with a very small iron fork, a spoon of the same metal, and a rusty knife. Off the same little plate I ate the soup, slowly and painfully, as well as the pilaff and meat, or whatever else there might be. I made no attempt at having my *couvert* changed with each dish; for on the first day, when I asked the guardiano to clean the plate after I had eaten my soup, I saw that he was preparing to do so with a cloth which he drew out of his pocket.

On the morning after my arrival in the

quarantine a police officer appeared at the door of my cell with a large book under his arm, and followed by a man bearing a gigantic wooden inkstand, into which was stuck a great clumsy pen. "What is your name?" said the officer, opening his book. I had told it to him the evening before, but he seemed to think that it might have undergone some change during the night. Every morning during my stay in the quarantine, he made the same inquiry about my name, as if it had a distinct existence, and was subjected to a separate sanitary law. I told him my age, and the place where I was born. "Are you married?" asked the officer. I answered that I was not. "Then," he said, as if it were the consequence of my reply, "how many shirts have you?" He then went through all the articles of my wardrobe, counted my money, looked through the papers in my writing-desk, and finally asked me why I was going to Bucharest, and who were my friends in that city.

At length the four days of quarantine

were ended, and the guardiano brought me the welcome news that I was free to go forth whither I listed. At the same time he handed me the bill of expenses during my imprisonment. For the food, served in the way I have described, I was charged ten francs a-day, and I had, moreover, to pay the rent of my cell and the wages of my intelligent guardiano.

What is called the town of Ibraila I found to be an extensive dusty plain, dotted with houses. Close to the river-side is a long line of shops and stores. The stores were all filled with grain, and there were great mounds of corn lying in the open street for want of store-room. In this part of the town, I met at every turn with men cleaning wheat, or piling it up in heaps in the open air, or carrying it down to small vessels lying in the river. The place was literally running over with corn. It was lamentable to think that a great portion of it must perish for want of the means of transporting it to other markets.

The only accommodation for travellers at

Ibraila are khans. The one said to be the least dirty is the Locanda Rossa. It is a quadrangular wooden building, with a court-yard in the centre. It is one story high, and the doors of the rooms open into a gallery, which is about three feet from the ground, and runs round the court. The place was chiefly inhabited by Russian officers and some other well-dressed people, who seemed quite contented with their place of abode, though they must have had a constant struggle for possession with the myriads of small inmates with which every crevice and corner of the old khan abounds. Outside each room is a tin box, hung against the wall, and filled with water; and from this a tiny thread of fluid issues, with which the guest performs his ablutions. In this charming abode I passed a night. The only preparations made for my repose were a straw mattress and a rug. I rose at day-break, and filling a carpet-bag with a complete change of dress, I went to a Turkish bath in the neighbourhood, from which, an hour later, I issued forth clean and con-

tented. I went and breakfasted with the English Vice-Consul, who, the night before, had arrived from Galatz, and in his house I remained during the remainder of my stay at Ibraila. Out of the desert, I had never seen a place so filled with dust as Ibraila. You breathed, you ate, and you slept in dust; whilst it turned the water in your glass into mud, and in that form you drank it. Biting the dust must appear a mild fate after a lengthened residence in such a place.

In an open wicker carriage, without springs, drawn by two spirited little horses, I left Ibraila to return to Galatz by land. These carriages are the best public conveyances in the town, and as the road was everywhere covered with a thick carpet of dust, I did not feel the absence of springs so much. Outside the town, we passed a Russian camp of two thousand men. After about an hour and a-half quick driving, we reached the banks of the Sereth, the boundary between Wallachia and Moldavia. Here I had to show the pass which was given me by the police of Ibraila. We

crossed the river over a bridge of pontoons, made about two months before by the Russians; and on reaching the opposite side I had again to show my pass to the Moldavian police-officer. The river is about two hundred feet wide, and is of the same muddy tint as the Danube. About a quarter of an hour before reaching the river, we had passed through a village, in which were stationed five hundred Russian soldiers. They were turning out for parade as we went through. They appeared, in general, well made, soldierly-looking fellows, especially the non-commissioned officers, who were mostly men between thirty and forty years of age, with a stern veteran look. The uniform was a green coatee, with white painted cross-belts and white trousers. They wore helmets, something like those of the London fire-brigade. The point, which rises to about four inches from the top of the helmet, is made of brass, and on the front is the eagle of Russia, of the same metal. The muskets had percussion locks, and the barrels were polished and had brass

rings round them, and seemed altogether to be modelled on the common French firelock. They carried their greatcoats in a round leather case on the top of their knapsacks, which were made of cow-hide. I observed that they did not wear highlows like our soldiers, but Wellington boots. The uniform worn by these men I have since learned to be that of nearly all the Russian infantry of the line. When the Russian soldier returns to his quarters, he instantly puts aside his helmet, coatee, cross-belts, and trousers, and turns out in his drawers, which reach below the knee, till they are met by the Wellington boot, and he wears a flat foraging cap of dark cloth, and a fawn-coloured great coat, which is gathered in at the waist and comes down to his ankles. It is in this dress that he performs all fatigue duty. I am sorry to say that the bright clean appearance of the Russian soldier when on parade is confined to the surface, for his shirt, drawers, and other under-garments are generally in an alarming state of dirt.

Before entering Galatz, we visited an establishment for preserved meat which formerly belonged to the well-known Mr. Goldener, but which is now in the hands of Messrs. Powell. There are twenty English butchers in this establishment; the remainder of the workmen employed are natives. The buildings are of wood, situated within a large enclosure, in one part of which several hundred pigs, with wild bristling manes, were penned up together. The great demand for the preserved meat prepared in this establishment is of itself a sufficient proof of its excellence. I think it right to say, as the question of these preserved meats has been so much before the public, that I found on inquiry that the present proprietors purchase for their manufactory the very best beef, pork, and mutton, they can find in the country.

On the heights above Galatz, we came upon a camp of 2500 Russians, and I saw that sentries were posted along the points overlooking the Danube. No general rule for public cleanliness seems to be followed

in the Russian encampments, as I everywhere observed that the air in their neighbourhood is tainted with pestilential odours. This I think to be one of the chief causes of disease amongst the Russian troops.

Galatz looked to great advantage after leaving the dreary town of Ibraila. The streets are in general of a good width and tolerably well paved. In the principal street are some handsome shops, and there is everywhere a pleasing appearance of bustle and prosperity. Running along the river-side, through the whole length of the town, is a very handsome, well-built quay, provided with commodious wharfs and large storehouses. Only a few years ago this quay did not exist, and this part of the town was traversed on planks, which scarcely kept one out of the black mud and putrid water underneath the exhalations from which poisoned the atmosphere. A great deal of credit is due to the authorities of Galatz for the pains they have taken to render their town commodious and healthy. Unlike Ibraila, there is here a handsome hotel,

where travellers may be comfortably lodged, and the place has altogether the appearance of a thriving European town. If the impediments to the navigation of the Danube were removed, Galatz would inevitably rise to be a place of great importance. As to the authorities of the neighbouring town of Ibraila, all their time seems taken up in embroiling themselves in quarrels with the Consuls of the foreign powers. Whilst I was in quarantine there, a Wallachian went one day to water his horse at the Danube, and horse and man were carried away by the force of the current. The poor man was drowned, though the horse got safely on shore. An Ionian who was on board a small vessel, near to which the accident took place, attempted, at the risk of his own life, to save that of the drowning man. He failed, however, in his good intentions. When this event was reported to the Governor of Ibraila, that sagacious individual decreed that the Ionian should be thrown into prison for not having succeeded in saving the drowned man. It is impos-

sible to say for what length of time the unfortunate Ionian would have remained thus confined as a felon, had not the matter reached the ears of the English Vice-Consul, at Galatz, who not only had the Ionian released, but also forced the authorities to pay him an indemnity for false imprisonment.

Since the occupation of the Principalities by the Russian troops, the police regulations have, by order of the Russian authorities, been increased in severity, and strangers coming to the country who are suspected of any sinister political object are not admitted, whilst refugees, who attempt to enter, are instantly seized. Lately three men arrived at nightfall at the barrier at Galatz. When questioned by the police, their answers did not appear satisfactory, and they were detained. They said they were Englishmen; but as only one of them could produce an English passport, he alone was brought to Mr. Cunningham, the Vice-Consul, and the other two were put in prison till further orders. The man given up to Mr. Cunning-

ham said his name was Shaen. His passport was from the Foreign Office, signed by Lord Palmerston, properly viséd, and was made out for "Mr. Shaen, a British subject, travelling on the Continent." On being questioned privately, however, by the Vice-Consul, he confessed that he was a Polish refugee, and that the other two men were his brothers. Mr. Cunningham, from a feeling of humanity, succeeded in getting Shaen safely out of the country; but the other two men he was forced to abandon to their fate. Both Shaen's brothers were shortly after sent to Odessa, where one of them, who had been an officer in the Russian service, was publicly shot; but the fate of the other remains unknown.

Whilst writing this page the news has been brought to me that an aide-de-camp of Omar Pasha has arrived at Giurgevo with a summons to Prince Gortschakoff, the commander-in-chief of the Russian troops, to retire from the Principalities.. The Turkish aide-de-camp's despatches have been forwarded by the police; but he is detained a prisoner

at Giurgevo till the arrival of Prince Gortschakoffe's answer.

After some days passed at Galatz, under the friendly roof of the English Vice-Consul, I embarked on board one of the Danube Company's steamers bound for Giurgevo.

The saloon of these steamers is built on the upper deck; and below, on the main deck, is another large saloon, with an after-cabin for ladies. The saloon on the upper deck of the vessel was a very agreeable apartment, in which one was sheltered from the sun, and through the open windows on either side swept a free current of air. But that on the main deck was, indeed, a dreary den. In the upper apartment the colours were bright and festive, and calculated to keep one in a pleasant train of thought; but below all was of funereal blackness, and well suited to the long feverish hours that one was doomed to pass there during the night. Breakfast, dinner, and tea were served with something of the cleanliness and precision of Christian countries; but at night the passengers were abandoned to their own re-

sources, like the birds of the air or the beasts of the field. We might have gone to roost on the cross-trees or beneath the bows, or slept in the bed of the river, for all the waiters cared. We merely knew that either the dingy den beneath, where we might share a narrow sofa with myriads of small vindictive insects, or the clammy deck was to be our place of repose. There are other things besides the troubled sorrows of the brain which murder sleep; and if any one doubt it let him pass a night on board one of the Danube Company's steamers. There was a niche outside the cabin-door dedicated to the mysteries of the toilette. To this place, with dishevelled hair and bloodshot eyes, the passengers came in dim succession in the morning. In this niche there was a tube through which the troubled waters of the Danube passed, and under its spout we performed our ablutions. I came on deck full of the most unchristian feelings. I am afraid I was rude to the waiters, for when they brought my coffee, it bore a much nearer resemblance to thin mud than

to Mocha. They may be very worthy creatures, nevertheless, fit possibly to be waiters upon Providence, and all too good to assist the wants of simple mortals. I believe, however, that the most gentle and forbearing of men, after such a night, would not have found sufficient of the milk of human kindness in his breast to flavour his coffee.

CHAPTER III.

At short intervals along the Bulgarian bank of the Danube we observed small Turkish encampments, and on all the principal heights videttes were posted. Occasionally emerging from the wooded bank we saw a small body of horse, that stopped to gaze at us as we passed by, and then quickly disappeared. Often, up some sheltered dell, we distinguished a rude picturesque-looking hut, with three or four troopers' horses tethered near it, and the lances of the riders stuck in the ground. On the opposite bank were the Wallachian watchers, of the cordon sanitaire, standing on platforms before small houses, raised upon poles, at

about six feet from the soil; but no Russian troops were anywhere visible. At Hirsova there was a Turkish force. On the heights were several batteries of field artillery, with horses standing near; and amongst the soldiers moving about the town and along the river-side I observed the fustanelle and glittering arms of the Albanians.

The next town above Hirsova is Tchernavoda. Here there was also a strong Turkish force, somewhat similar to that at Hirsova. Built out into the river were several flour-mills; but the current in that part is not very strong, and the wheels turned but slowly. There were fishermen on the bank arranging their nets and repairing their long canoe-like boats, and beside them their half-naked children at play. We saw women passing with burthens on their heads, and labourers working in the fields hard by, and we could hear the drowsy hum of the wheels of the mills. These formed a strange contrast to the frowning preparations for war visible all around. Close to the fishermen swaggered the fierce Albanian, armed to the

teeth; and from behind the moated wall, near which the labourer tilled the soil, peered forth the dread artillery. And the sun was smiling brightly upon all—upon the little children playing by their father's side and upon the Arnout, whose trade is strife—upon the signs of gentle rural life, and upon the bristling armaments of the camp.

About half a mile below Tchernavoda is a river of the same name. From the mouth of this river to the Black Sea the distance is not more than thirty-two miles. The idea was at one time entertained of opening a passage from the mouth of this river to the town of Kustendji, and thus avoiding the yearly increasing dangers to navigation at the mouth of the Danube. A report was drawn up on this subject not long since, but as it has never come before the public, I think it will not be amiss to introduce it into these pages. The whole of the ground was gone over step by step, and what follows is the result of close and careful observation.

The Tchernavoda is a rapid stream, rising in the Lake Carasou, and running from its

source to the Danube at the rate of at least four miles an hour. The valley through which it flows is bounded on both sides by high grounds. Along the summit of these heights, on the eastern side of the valley, a road runs as far as Carasou, where it descends to the water's edge. What is called Lake Carasou is more properly a chain of lakes extending for a distance of about ten miles from S.S.E. to N.N.W. In the larger of these lakes the water is deep, but in the straits which connect each, its depth is seldom more than twelve inches. After a little time the road quits the banks of Lake Carasou, and passing over some high ground, again descends to where the stream called Caramourad crosses near Kouziel, and from thence passes over an extent of low ground, which, after rain and the melting of the snows in spring, I should conceive impassable, to the village of Bourlack. Bourlack is situated at four hours and a half distance from Tchernavoda, and three and a half hours' distance from Kustendji. About a mile above Bourlack the traces of the river

are lost, and the stream must here be supplied solely by rain-water, for at the time that I passed it was quite dry. In fact, the springs supplying the lower part of the river must first exist in the Lake of Carasou. Above there is not a spring or trace of anything but collected rain-water.

At Bourlack, or a little above it, the valley ceases, it being shut in by hills of some height, on the summit of which extends for a great distance from north to south a succession of downs, affording very fine pasturage.

At Bourlack the road ascends one of the hills enclosing the valley of Tchernavoda. This ascent continues for nearly an hour, after which the road passes over the downs to the ruins of the formerly considerable, but now totally uninhabited, town of Dryanlar. At ten minutes' ride from this is the highest point of the road, and it is from here that the first view of the Black Sea is discernible from the direction in which we came. From this point the Black Sea is distant forty minutes' ride. I looked in vain

from this ridge for anything like an opening, but within the range of my glass none was visible. Having no instruments with me, I could not find the exact height of this point above the level of the sea, but it must exceed, I should imagine, three hundred feet. From this the road descends down to near the Lake Soujial, and thence runs over another succession of downs along the coast of Kustendji.

Kustendji itself is situated on a promontory jutting out in the sea, the southernmost point of which forms one side of the bay or small roadstead. The town is in a state of ruin, from the visitation of the Russians, who appear to have exercised unnecessary severity in their destruction of the place. Kustendji is situated at about one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. The small port formed by the mole, said to have been erected by the Romans, has at present only about six or seven feet water, it being filled up by the ruins of the mole and the sand brought in by easterly winds from the sea. This port is only capable of containing twelve or fifteen small

vessels. The bay or roadstead would be tolerably protected were the mole restored and extended, and the bay cleared of the sand and ruins. It might then give shelter to about fifty or sixty vessels of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred tons burthen. The facilities for restoring the mole are very great, as hewn stones of all sizes are on the spot.

Having examined Kustendji I determined on returning to the Danube by the road to Rassova, so as to be able to compare the advantages of the two lines.

Leaving Kustendji, I proceeded southwards for a mile to where the line of embankment, which crosses the country from near Rassova to this place, called Trajan's Wall, ceases, and this is the spot where it is pretended the Danube formerly fell into the sea. I could not see one vestige of a watercourse to justify such a supposition. At the termination of Trajan's Wall there is a pretty regular succession of mounds, wearing very much the appearance of some of the Roman encampments in Scotland. This

spot is considerably above the level of the sea, and the ridge of cliffs continues unbroken to any extent farther than to afford a passage to the heavy rains of spring and autumn. The road then runs for about two hours parallel to Trajan's Wall, and is one continued though gentle ascent. We then arrived at a point commanding a view of the valley of Tchernavoda with Bourlack in the hollow. We descended for about a quarter of an hour to the little Tartar village of Alacap, and from thence our road lay along the face of the hills forming the southern boundary of the valley of Tchernavoda to beyond the town of Carasou, where crossing over two considerable ridges we came upon a small marshy lake below Idris, down which we continued our road till we reached the bank of the Danube half an hour below Rassova, after nine and a half hours' hard riding. This latter road holds out no appearance of anything like a line for a canal, nor offers as a mere road any of the advantages of the line from Tchernavoda.

The obstacles, therefore, to the formation

of a canal will be seen from the foregoing to be, first, the continued considerable rise from the Danube bank to the interior, a little above Bourlack. What the amount of this rise may be, I could not tell for want of instruments, but it must far exeeed what could be overcome by cutting, even with very numerous locks. Secondly, the ridge of hills running along the sea coast, which is, or appears to be, unbroken by any opening connecting the shore of the Black Sea with any of the valleys which lie towards the Danube.

The road now existing from Tchernavoda is, in most places, excellent, and might have been adopted by the Austrian company if they had followed up their plan of making Kustendji the place of embarkation for passengers and goods for Constantinople by the Danube Steam Company's conveyance.

Posting has not been established along either of the above lines, but horses are easily procured, as are also small and convenient carts for passengers and goods.

CHAPTER IV.

According to the treaty of Vienna the great rivers of Europe are to be open to ships of all nations, but it is evident that, from either apathy or design, the Danube will be very shortly closed altogether. It must be remembered, that not only the channel of Sulina, but that of St. George and of Kilia, are at present actually in the hands of Russia. At the mouth of the Sulina channel, which is the principal, the Russians have on one side, on Lati Island, built a quarantine station, and on the opposite side they have established themselves in the town of Sulina. They have also a quarantine station commanding the entrance of the St. George's channel, and a similar

establishment at the mouth of the Kilia. If the treaty of Vienna be not a dead letter, the Powers interested in keeping the navigation of the Danube open should insist upon its not being violated. The more recent treaty of Adrianople, by which the contracting parties agreed that the islands of the Danube should be uninhabited, has been similarly set aside; but even that violation might be tolerated if Russia would perform the solemn agreement into which she entered of keeping open the channel of Sulina. It was on the faith of this understanding that Austria consented that each of her vessels which passed the mouth of the Danube should pay to Russia a toll of two dollars, in consideration of the expense the latter Power was supposed to be at in keeping the passage open. The toll has been regularly exacted from Austrian vessels up to the present hour, but the way in which Russia has kept her part of the contract will be seen from what I have said of the condition of the mouth of the Danube in the foregoing part of these pages.

Not long after leaving Tchernavoda, we passed the town of Silestria. Here the Turkish troops appeared in much greater force than at any of the places we had hitherto seen. There was an air of military exactness and scientific skill in the way in which the force was distributed and the guns posted, and one saw at a glance that the place was under the orders of an intelligent soldier. On inquiry I found that this was the head-quarters of a Hungarian General in the service of the Porte.

About noon of the second day of our departure from Galatz, we moved up the muddy channel which leads to Giurgevo. There is here an island which divides the Danube into two branches. On the left stands the town of Giurgevo, and on the right bank of the Danube, about a mile higher up, is the Turkish town of Rutschuck. Giurgevo has the remains of some old fortifications fronting the river, but otherwise the approach to the town is undefended, except by the mud in which it appears to be embedded. It was a few miles below this place that the Russian

army crossed the Danube in 1829. In one night the pontoons were silently attached, and then swung across the river by the force of the current, and before the day dawned, the army of the Emperor was on the open road to Stamboul. There is a considerable trade in corn carried on at Giurgevo, and constant traffic is kept up with the opposite town of Rutschuck. There is a post from here to Rutschuck, and thence overland to Constantinople. This is the route generally taken by the couriers of the foreign agents established at Bucharest.

On landing, our passports were taken from us by the police, our baggage was examined by the Custom-house officers; we were asked a number of questions as to our name, age, social position, prospects in life, where we were going to, and whence we had come from; and then we were turned into a stable yard, where there were some men making a feint of getting ready a huge waggon, which it was said was to convey us to Bucharest. The distance from Giurgevo to Bucharest is only about forty miles, and as it was then but one

o'clock in the afternoon we had a fair chance of arriving at our destination at a reasonable hour in the evening. It is not pleasant in these out-of-the-way places to arrive late at night in a strange town, or even at a friend's house; for the best of friends and truest of Amphytrions will be sure, in any country, to mingle his welcome with curses, if you rouse him out of his first sleep, and force him to do the honours of his house in his night shirt. I politely opened my mind on this subject to the youth who was to act as our postilion, and he, being a boy of the world, at once acknowledged the propriety of my reasoning. He called the conductor; my baggage was quickly hoisted up to the top of the coach, carefully corded down, and then covered with a tarpaulin. The conductor jumped on the imperial to see that all was right, the postilion cracked his whip, and eight hours after I found myself standing in the coach yard at Giurgevo, in the very place where I had held my conference with the postilion. The coach had not stirred from the spot when we first discovered

it on landing. It was not the fault of the postilion, for he was willing to start, and so was the conductor, and so were the passengers. It was on the contrary the most absurd of obstacles which prevented our going; it was simply that there were no horses. The horses were all this time in a distant stable waiting the orders of the police, and the police would not set the horses free till they had deciphered our passports. The gift of tongues does not appear to be amongst the attributes of the Wallachian police, for it was only after eight hours' incessant labour that they succeeded in understanding the important document which invited the allies of Great Britain to admit me freely into their territories. My passport was certainly rendered into the vernacular in the most satisfactory way, for I afterwards had the pleasure of seeing my name in the list of arrivals as "*Domnou Richard negoustor,*" or travelling clerk. For my name they had put that of the Ambassador, which was at the head of the passport, but the appended title I beg leave to say is a Wallachian creation. "Tra-

velling on the continent," the words in the passport, was the cause of my being put down as belonging to Mr. Cobden's useful corps. It reminds me of one of the Palais Royal jokes, where a gentleman is coming down stairs at his hotel with the favourite of the Prince of Seltzer-wasser. "What can we do for you?" says the favourite to his companion. They were just then at the bottom of the stairs, and our friend, turning to the porter's lodge, called out, "*Le cordon s'il vous plait.*" The next morning, to his surprise, he received from the Prince the cross of the Silver Spoon.

CHAPTER V.

It was nine o'clock in the evening when the passports were returned to us, and the horses set free. But the conductor said it was then too late to start, for the night was dark, and the way bad, and moreover the Cossacks along the road, who are generally a very giddy, thoughtless set of fellows, might in the obscurity mistake us for a body of invading Turks, and not discover their error till after they had cut our throats and rifled our portmanteau. We had therefore no other alternative than to remain where we were till daybreak. There was a lady amongst the passengers who was very much the worse for drink, and who had

passed the afternoon, when she was not occupied in taking refreshment, in weeping and abusing the postilion. She told us that she and her companion, an emaciated young man, in a rabbit-skin coat, had been waiting in the stable yard, to go by the diligence to Bucharest, since two days before.

As I had nothing to do but resign myself to my fate, I went into the khan, which forms part of the coach establishment, where I got something to eat, a quiet chibouque and a cup of coffee. I then lay down on a sofa and slept till the postilion called me, and said the coach was ready to start.

There were eight wild-looking horses attached to the waggon driven by one postilion, who rode on the near wheeler. We went along at a very good pace, considering the nature of the ground. There are no roads, properly speaking, in Wallachia. There are merely broad tracks covered with a deep layer of dark-coloured dust in the summer, and which, in rainy weather, or after a thaw, change into rivers of mud, through which the coach labours, sunk in slush to the axle-

tree. When the road is too much cut up, a new track on either side of it is chosen, which is soon reduced to the same state. But in the winter, when the snow on the ground is frozen over, travelling is performed very rapidly in sledges. It was only four o'clock in the morning when we started, and at seven o'clock we reached the khan, which is situated half way between Giurgevo and Bucharest, and there we breakfasted.

There were about five hundred Russians quartered in the neighbourhood of the khan. They had that staid, soldierly look which is the effect of severe discipline. This I observed to be the characteristic of nearly all the Russian soldiers that I have seen in the Principalities. The exceptions are the young recruits, who of course are not yet properly formed. I have never observed any appearance of light-heartedness among the Russian soldiers even when off duty. It is true that at times, in marching, whole battalions sing in chorus either the national anthem, which is a fine, solemn air, or some wild melody, generally of a warlike character, interspersed

with sharp cries and an occasional shrill whistle. These latter songs are particularly animated and spirit-stirring, and the quick rattle of the drum, which is the sole instrumental accompaniment, increases their exciting character. To the listener there is something sublime in thus hearing thousands of manly voices blended together in chorus, uttering sentiments of devotion to God and the Emperor, or of fierce defiance to the enemies of the Czar. But even in these exhibitions the sternness of military rule is seen. Upon the faces of the men thus engaged no trace of emotion is visible; their tread is measured; their forms are erect; they are obeying a command, and not an impulse. The emotions of the heart seem to have been drilled into order, and expressions of love or anger, devotion or revenge, are only awakened by the voice of their commander.

The country in this part is remarkably rich and beautiful. It had rained for a couple of hours during the night, and everything looked fresh and sparkling in the

morning light. The habitations of the small farmers and peasants in Wallachia bear a near resemblance to those belonging to the same class in Ireland. The cabins of the labourers are built of mud or half-dried bricks, and covered with thatch, whilst the house of the small farmer is in the same style, but upon a larger scale. There is very generally some attempt at ornament about these dwellings. They are all nicely whitewashed, and there is often some vine or creeping plant trained round the door or window. The spot, too, where a village stands is almost always sheltered by trees, and where there is not a running stream, there are generally five or six wells from which the water is drawn by a sort of wooden crane. To one end of the transverse pole the bucket is attached by a rope, whilst at the opposite end is fastened a heavy stone. With a lever thus constructed, the water is raised from the deepest wells with very little effort. Taken altogether, the villages have an air of picturesqueness, and almost of comfort.

At the door of the khan was a comfortably dressed man in jack-boots and a broad-leafed hat. He was mounted on a strong horse, and was attended by his servant, who rode a similar animal. Both carried pistols in their holsters, and had valises fastened behind their saddles. This was one of the factors, or middlemen, who are very numerous in Wallachia. These men stand between the Boyard, or great proprietor, and the peasants. Their general system is to enter into a contract with the Boyard, by which they engage to pay him a certain sum annually for a portion of his estates, on condition that the Boyard give them *carte blanche* to deal as they please with the small farmers and peasants. This is a system in which, as it may be supposed, the middlemen alone have the chief benefit. The Boyard, by thus abandoning his estates, loses a large portion of his revenue, whilst the middleman, who has no interest in view but his own, screws from the unfortunate peasantry their uttermost farthing. Thus the estate, in most cases, becomes gradually impoverished,

the Boyard soon becomes the factor's debtor, and the latter is ultimately the real master of the property. Almost all these middlemen are Greeks, and some of them are men of considerable wealth, gained in the way I have stated. Notwithstanding this system of middlemen, which is almost generally adopted, and the deplorably bad way in which the land is tilled, some of the Boyards derive from their estates more than 20,000*l.* a-year. The private property of the present reigning Prince amounts to nearly 30,000*l.* per annum. There is certainly not in Europe a soil more rich, and scarcely a climate more favoured than that of Wallachia. The country is literally overflowing with grain of every sort, and out of France I have never drank a *vin ordinaire* so good as in this country. The common white wine of Wallachia, when kept for two or three years in bottle, is equal to anything of the kind produced on the banks of the Rhine. The rich meadow lands afford pasturage to numberless herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, whilst in the neighbourhood of the forests

there are immense herds of swine. It is on account of this great abundance of meat of all kinds that Mr. Goldner's successors have established themselves in the neighbourhood of Galatz, and that another English establishment largely engaged in the pork trade has been formed at Kalafat. The proprietors of both these establishments find, that notwithstanding the high wages they are forced to give their English workmen, and the expenses of transport, that they can sell their merchandize cheaper in England than if they purchased the materials for their trade in any of the markets of Great Britain or of Ireland. Game of almost all kinds abound in Wallachia. Wild turkeys are met with in hundreds in the steppes or great open plains. Hares were sold until lately in the market of Bucharest at fourpence each, and a brace of blackcock at about the same price. There is also an abundance of fish in the inland rivers, and some of it of very exquisite flavour.

In comparing the habitations of the Wallachian peasantry to the Irish cabin, I did

not mention that the interior arrangement of the former was immeasurably superior. On entering the cottage of the Wallachian peasant, you find yourself in a small room, which serves as a kitchen. Here there is a stove, which heats the whole house in the winter months. There is no cabin without a stove of some kind, which is an object of vital importance in a country where the cold at times is so intense. Besides the kitchen, each cottage has two rooms, both used generally as sleeping apartments. The walls inside are smoothly plastered and neatly whitewashed, and the whole place has an air of comparative neatness.

CHAPTER VI.

As we proceeded along the road to Bucharest, we saw small parties of Russian soldiers encamped on either side of the way, and in one place we passed a battery of heavy guns, drawn up in line, and pointed menacingly down the road towards Giurgevo. At about six miles from Bucharest we saw a large encampment upon our right, and every few minutes we met a mounted Cossack, hurrying along as if he were the bearer of despatches. The lance which the Cossack carries is not longer than the English one, and has no flag; besides this, his other weapons are a heavy carabine, slung at his back, a pistol stuck in his belt, and a long

sword. His uniform is a blue frock coat, buttoned up to the throat, and wide trousers of the same colour. He wears a high conical-shaped chako, of black oilskin, without a peak, which is kept on his head by a strap, fastened under the chin. The Cossack's horse is generally a wiry animal, of about fourteen and a half hands high. His bridle is a plain snaffle, without side bars, and his saddle is of a very rude construction. When the Cossack trots or gallops, he leans forward in his saddle, with the upper part of his body quite straight, an attitude, one would suppose, the least suited for comfort, but he nevertheless sits his horse with extraordinary closeness.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when we came in sight of Bucharest. Though near the first of October, it was a bright sunny day, and quite as warm as it is generally in London in the month of July. Seen at a little distance, Bucharest appears a very handsome city. It contains some three hundred churches, and each of these has two or more tall spires. Most of the

public buildings are also crowned by turrets or domes. Every spire, turret, and dome is covered with tin. A thin gauze-like vapour hung upon the lower buildings, softening their outline, and above this waving cloud rose the thousand domes, spires, and turrets, sparkling with almost dazzling brightness in the sun. They crowned the city like a silver diadem. Bucharest covers nearly as great an extent of ground as Paris, but a third of the space is taken up with gardens, so that one saw the bright green foliage of the trees, appearing here and there above the shadowy vapour, and this served to increase the charming effect of the whole scene. I was not so much disappointed as I expected to be, on entering the city. After passing the gate, where, as I need not say, I had to show my passport, and answer the three hundred questions in the Russian police catechism, we drove through a long faubourg of alternate gardens and one-storied houses, till we reached a broad well-built street, containing some fine buildings. This is the part of the city inhabited by the wealthier

Spanish Jews. We then rolled on through three or four streets, with handsome shops on either side, and full of bustle, till we reached the coach office.

Of the hotels of Bucharest I can say but little, as during my stay in that city, I had the good fortune to enjoy the hospitality of the English Agent and Consul-General, Mr. Colquhoun. The *Hotel de France*, I have reason to believe, is the best. The master of this hotel and his wife are, I know, remarkably civil and obliging. The charge here for a good room, breakfast, and dinner, is about 12*s.* a day, and this is the general tariff throughout all the hotels in Bucharest. The cost of mere living is small, but the rents are high. One cannot have a tolerable bedroom under a dollar a day.

Except in the principal streets, few of the houses in Bucharest exceed two stories in height. The place was formerly subject to shocks of earthquake, which was the reason for making the dwellings so low. There is a great deal of ornament about most of the newly-built houses, stuccoed friezes, pilasters,

and brightly-painted or gilded balconies. This taste may be considered tawdry in France or England, but after the shaky konaks of Turkey, the effect was very pleasing. Some of the small private houses, situated in the less-frequented streets, with their projecting roofs, formed of small squares of wood, and their quaint porticoes, the whole embowered in trees, are very picturesque. The palace of the Hospodars is an unpretending building of two stories high, situated in the principal street, with a large court in front. It is at present uninhabited; the reigning prince had been residing since the commencement of the present crisis, until his exile, in a monastery a little outside the town.

The opera-house at Bucharest is as handsome and commodious a theatre as is to be found in any city in Europe. It is capable of containing from seven hundred to eight hundred people. In front of the stage, on the second tier, is the state-box of the Hospodars, hung with draperies of crimson velvet, deeply fringed with gold, and sur-

mounted by the arms of the principality. In all the boxes are fauteuills covered with crimson velvet, and not only the stalls, but all the benches in the pit, are provided with cushions of the same material. The moulding and carved work on the boxes are richly gilt, and from the roof, which is tastefully painted, hangs a large chandelier, with gilt stands for the lamps, which, with the lights on the stage, is sufficient to illuminate the house. There is here at present a very respectable Italian company. I went the other night to hear Verde's "Louisa Müller." The performance was very good, better indeed, in some respects, than what I had seen in the same opera last May at San Carlo at Naples; but in that unhappy city everything has of late undergone a mournful degradation. The appearance of the theatre of Bucharest, when I visited it the other evening, was remarkably brilliant. The house was crowded to the ceiling. The ladies in the boxes were gracefully dressed in the Parisian fashions, and I saw that the beauty for which they are so celebrated was not a fic-

tion. The pit was almost entirely filled with Russian officers. In a large box on the left of the stage was Prince Gortschakoffe, in company with M. Kotisbuë, son of the celebrated but ill-fated writer of that name, and ex-Russian Consul-General at Bucharest. In a box on the right of the Hospodar's were Mr. Colquhoun and Mr. Poujade, the English and French Consuls-General. The latter gentleman was accompanied by Madame Poujade, a granddaughter of the Prince Ghika, who some years ago was the reigning Prince of Wallachia. The same good understanding which exists between the French and English governments animates their agents at Bucharest, and both act together in the most perfect harmony in the common cause.

There is a public promenade outside Bucharest. It is about a mile and a half in length and bordered with trees. Every afternoon it is crowded with the handsome equipages of the Boyards and foreign agents. At present it is rendered still more animated by the presence of the Russian generals and

their staffs. At the commencement of the promenade is a triumphal arch, lately raised in honour of the Emperor Nicholas, and at the other end is the unfinished chateau of the late Hospodar. On either side of the road is the public garden, which, for its size, is one of the prettiest in Europe. It is laid out in the English style, with gravel-walks, winding amidst thick foliage and bright parterres of flowers. In the midst of green spots, here and there are fountains flinging their spray into the air, and there is a small lake, on the shore of which is a picturesque grotto. In the centre of an open lawn is a pavilion, and here, on fête-days, a military band is stationed. This garden was planned and laid out by Prince Bebesco, the late Hospodar. The public promenade is also chiefly his work. In a part of the garden, through an opening in a little grove of acacias, one catches a glimpse of a very charming villa, the abode of a young lady, who is the ward of the present reigning Prince, and is one of the beauties of Bucharest. She is a Sicilian by birth, and

when a mere child was adopted by a Russian General and his wife, a Wallachian lady, who were then travelling in Sicily. After some years the General and his wife died, and left their adopted daughter a fortune of 30,000*l.*, and confided her to the guardianship of the present Hospodar.

The romance which attaches to the story of this young lady reminds me of another which I heard in Rome. Some twenty years ago there lived in that city a young painter, eking out sufficient with his pencil to sup merrily at the Lepri, or the Gabione, and get his coffee of a morning at the Greco. He was happy for the hour, and never thought of the morrow, which is, perhaps, after all, the right way to enjoy existence. One day he was surprised to receive a visit from the curate of one of the villages in the neighbourhood of Rome. The curate had the day before administered the consolations of religion to an old woman who was at the point of death. At her last moments she placed in the curate's hands a packet of letters, which she besought him to deliver to

our young friend the painter without delay. The curate and the painter conned over the letters together, and the result was that they both went instantly to the house of a prince who is known to have a kind honest heart; and when the prince heard what they had to say, he sent for his advocate, who took the letters before the high tribunal of Rome, and in a little time our young friend the painter was recognised as the rightful heir to a dukedom, one of the oldest in Italy, and he is, at the present day, lord of more than one noble chateau and of many a broad acre. The mother of the young man had, strange to say, taken a dislike to him from the moment of his birth, and she gave the child to one of her women, determined never to acknowledge it as her son. The duke, her husband, was then dead, and report said that she had given her love to another.

CHAPTER VII.

Some days ago I went to see Prince Gortschakoffe review a portion of the Russian army, which was encamped about six miles from Bucharest. The vast plains of Wallachia are admirably adapted for displays of this kind, or for the more serious operations of actual war. There was not a wall or hedge, and scarcely a tree, to impede the movement of the troops. There were about eighteen thousand men present. They at first formed in line, with the artillery on the extreme left, and next to them the cavalry, composed of lancers and hussars, and then came the infantry. The infantry, regiment by regiment, then broke into open column

of companies, and marched past the General. Each company, as it passed before the Prince, cheered, and the light troops ran by in double time for about two hundred yards, cheering all the way. The cavalry marched by in squadrons, each squadron cheering when they came in front of the Commander-in-chief; and a body of Hulans, who waited some little time behind, went past at a charge, shouting wildly. The light artillery also went past at full gallop. Each regiment of infantry then formed in close column, with the cavalry and artillery on their rear. They were in all a magnificent body of troops, and went through the different movements with wonderful precision. The effect of the great mass of infantry formed in close column, with the sun sparkling on their helmets, was very fine. Seen at a distance, it looked like a lake of flame. When the inspection was over, the troops marched off the ground to their respective quarters, each body as it passed singing the national anthem, or some war-song. Prince Gortschakoffe is more than sixty years of age,

but he is firm and erect, and has all the appearance of a veteran soldier. None of the generals under his orders seem less than fifty years old, and all have the same stern, war-worn look.

Riding beside a squadron of hussars was a young officer, mounted on a very spirited Arab horse. He wore the Circassian dress, with the cartouch-boxes on the breast of his coat in silver, richly chased. This seems to me the handsomest uniform I have as yet seen in the Russian army.

Shortly after my arrival at Bucharest, I went with Mr. Colquhoun to pay a visit to the French Consul-General, who then resided in a handsome chateau, the property of the Dowager Princess Ghika, and which is situated about two miles from the town. Close to this chateau is a lake, across which the Russians had thrown a bridge of pontoons on the day previous to our visit. On the shores of the lake there had been a large Russian encampment of five thousand men; but, just before our arrival, the tents had been struck, and the whole force had crossed

over the bridge of pontoons and marched towards the south-east. The whole of the Russian force was at that moment beginning to be put in motion. The encampments in the interior were gradually breaking up, and the great bulk of the army was moving towards the Danube, along whose banks they are at the moment I write, posted in echelon, awaiting the advance of the Turks.

On the shore of the lake there still remained about a hundred and fifty men. A portion of these were engaged in cooking. Their camp-kettles were arranged in two rows, and at half a-foot apart, with about twenty kettles in each row. When we came up the kettles were all simmering gaily. The cooks, on the present of a few swanzikers, allowed us to taste the contents of some of them, and we found the flavour excellent. In each kettle were meat, rice, and vegetables; and to these the cooks, as they went round, added pepper, salt, and similar condiments, as they thought necessary. Russians of all ranks are fond of tea.

The water used in making it they boil in a kind of urn, called a samavar, which is not, I believe, much known in England. In the centre of this urn is a tube, which is grated at the bottom. Into this tube some pieces of lighted charcoal are dropped, which the air, passing through the grated opening below, keeps in a state of ignition, and the heat thus produced soon boils the water which surrounds the tube. Whilst we were looking on at the cooking, a soldier came up with a small brass samavar, into the tube of which he dropped some embers from the fire; and to make them burn more quickly, he took off one of his Wellington boots, which he very adroitly converted into a bellows. He placed the top of the boot on the mouth of the tube, which he pressed tightly, and holding the sole with his other hand, he pumped up and down. The operation was most successful; for, in a little time, the samavar began to sing as blithly as any domestic kettle.

For some minutes before, we had seen to the westward a dark cloud of dust, through which

were flashing the helmets and bayonets of a battalion of infantry. They soon reached the ground near which we were standing, followed by their baggage-train. The moment they halted, the men piled their arms, on which they hung their helmets and cross-belts. They then took off their coatees and trousers, and put on their great-coats and foraging-caps. In the mean time the baggage-train had been unpacked, and the tents laid on the ground in lines. The men then set to work; the canvass rose from the ground like a cloud; the pegs were driven in, the ropes fastened, and in less than half an-hour from the moment of their arrival the officers were lounging quietly in their quarters, the sentries were posted, and the routine of the camp was going on as though the whole party had been there for months before. Almost all the men went down and bathed in the lake, and about an hour later, as we were walking in the avenue of the chateau, we heard their call to dinner.

The word Bucharest means the city of

pleasure. There is a Wallachian proverb, which says that he who has drunk of the waters of the Dimbovitza is loth to leave its banks. How people can be pleasant in a place which is constantly exposed to the inroads of Russians it is difficult to imagine. If there be any truth in what is said of the waters of the Dimbovitza, both Muscovite and Moslem must have drunk of them deeply. In debating the question at present existing between Russia and Turkey, no one seems to bestow a thought on the unhappy Principalities. Whichever party gains, they are sure to be the sufferers. They have at present quartered upon them a foreign army, which they are obliged to lodge gratis, and to feed to a great extent upon the same terms; and if this army is forced to retire, and their place is taken by the Turks, the change will scarcely be for the better. The Turks look on the Moldo-Wallachians as ghours, and would possibly not object to tax them as rayahs; whilst Russia, in occupying their territory, affects to regard them as vassals

of the Sultan, whilst she crushes them beneath her armed hand as if they were her own serfs.

The population of Wallachia is less than three millions, but the country is capable of feeding five times that number. Its soil is one of the richest in the world. The superabundance of its produce contributes to the support of thousands who inhabit the British empire. But its resources are far—very far—from being developed. The commerce of the country is abandoned to strangers, agriculture is neglected, and the more refined arts and manufactures are unknown. Wallachia is intersected by six rivers, whose source is in the Carpathians. These rivers could at a small comparative expense be made navigable for the passage of rafts. The mountains in which they have their source are covered to their summits with magnificent forests. At the base of the mountains are oaks, midway up are beech trees, and above these are pines of extraordinary height and girth. All this wealth of wood lies utterly useless, and trees

and branches blown down by the storm rot where they fall for want of the means of transport. In the Moldavian parts of the Carpathians, the case, however, is not exactly the same. The river Sereth, which separates the two Principalities, is larger and deeper than the rivers flowing through Wallachia, and its waters are consequently covered during the season with immense rafts of wood, consisting chiefly of oak and pine, both of which are good in building and masting ships.

In the Carpathians, veins of gold, silver, quicksilver, iron, copper, pitch, sulphur, and coals, have been traced, but are never worked. The Russians, when in possession of the country in 1811, made an attempt at working some of these mines, but shortly after, peace being proclaimed, the Russian army retired, and the mines were abandoned.

The Wallachians are not to blame for this state of things. They are a part of the deplorable consequences of the manner in which the country is misgoverned. A Hospodar, who is chosen to rule for seven years,

and who is obliged to fly at the end of three, who has bought his place from the Porte with two years of his revenue, and who has bartered to Russia, in return for her support, all his real power as a reigning prince, can scarcely be expected to do much for the development of the resources of his country. It has become a fashion to speak of the Moldo-Wallachians with contempt, to scoff at their institutions, and to depict them as sunk in immorality, profligacy, and ignorance. Some of the loudest in this chorus of calumny are a discontented portion of their own countrymen. There are few things more calculated to favour the ambitious desires attributed to Russia than a cry of this kind. Let Europe be made to believe that these Principalities are barbarous tracts, inhabited by a set of profligate semi-barbarians, and the crime of seizing upon them will be overlooked in the thought of the good which may be thus done to the cause of civilization and virtue.

These countries are rarely visited by tourists; they lie out of the beaten track.

The roads are always bad, and may be said to be impassable for seven months of the year. The Englishman who winters in Rome or Naples, or who passes his summer vacation on the Rhine or in Switzerland, could scarcely be tempted to go through the ennui of a Russian police office at the frontier, to be afterwards dragged on a cart without springs, with a wisp of straw for a cushion, across the steppes of Moldo-Wallachia. There are no ruins to attract the antiquarian; there is no scenery to attract the poet; and there are no schools to be visited by the student. It has neither the comforts of western Europe, nor the romance of the East. It is an untrodden corner on the highway of nations. It is this obscurity which is fatal to the Principalities. The inhabitants may be persecuted and oppressed, and maligned and calumniated with impunity. So little is Bucharest visited by Englishmen, that I am the only one, not established in the country, that is in this city at present, and the only one that has visited it as a traveller for, I believe, eighteen months.

CHAPTER VIII.

When an occasional English tourist arrives at Bucharest, it is more generally the effect of accident than design; and notwithstanding the attractive name of the city, and the fascinating flavour of the Dimbovitza, he jolts off to the banks of the Danube, as soon as the soreness occasioned by his previous ride has left his bones. Some years ago a man arrived one morning to the door of the British Consul-General. He was clad in the dress of a Transylvanian shepherd. His beard was untrimmed, and his long hair hung in wild locks from under his broad hat. The sandals which he wore were covered with soil, and his dress was travel-

stained as though he had come a long way. There was in his eyes a look of sombre melancholy, but it seemed the effect of some brooding thought, rather than of any privations he had undergone. The Consul-General invited him into his house, and made him his guest. He had no baggage, not even the bundle which the wayfarer carries on the end of his stick; but he was heartily welcome, nevertheless, and had the best place at the Consul's table.

He was an Englishman of rank and large fortune. A wound in the affections had driven him from home, and he wandered on as far as the Carpathian mountains, where for some time he led the rude life of a hunter, hoping that in change of scene and the excitement of the chase he might find a cure. He was disappointed, however, for there was not sufficient danger in bear and wolf hunting to give it the excitement he required, and he left the Carpathian forest, and wandered alone through the desolate steppes of Wallachia, sharing the food of the stray herdsmen he happened to meet, and

sleeping wherever he was overtaken by the night. Each day that he remained at Bucharest he grew more and more unhappy, till one morning the Consul-General happened to receive a letter from Constantinople, giving the details of a victory which the Circassians had gained over the Russians. The letter was written by an enthusiast in the cause of Circassian independence. The description of the fight was animated, and the letter concluded with a glowing panegyric upon the bravery of the Caucasian warriors, and a prediction of the success of the noble cause in which they were engaged. The moment this letter was shown by the Consul-General to his guest, whom I shall call Manly, the latter at once determined to start for Circassia, and volunteer into the ranks of the mountaineers.

That very night Manly started for Giurgevo, where he crossed the Danube to Rutschuck, and there engaged horses and a guide, and proceeded on to Constantinople. In that city Manly found another Englishman ready to join in his expedition, and

instantly freighting a Turkish vessel with salt, some ammunition, and arms, he sailed for the coast of Circassia. This was about the time the 'Vixen' was captured by a Russian man-of-war, and her crew imprisoned. The coast of Circassia was more strictly blockaded than ever; and it was only after the most hairbreadth escapes that Manly and his friend succeeded in landing. They were well received by the Circassian chiefs, to whom they brought letters of introduction; but what was more highly prized than the letters was the salt, the ammunition, and the arms, which were quickly landed. The vessel in which they came then sailed on her way back to Constantinople, but at a short distance from the Circassian coast was captured by a Russian cruiser, and was brought into the Turkish port of Trebizond, and there burned by the Russians, notwithstanding the objections of the Governor.

The two Englishmen proceeded into the mountains with the Circassians to where the fighting was going on, and they were soon busily engaged in skirmishing, ambuscading,

and, at times, in hand-to-hand encounters with the Muscovites. Manly, mounted on a fiery Tartar horse, clad in chain armour, and with a long lance in his hand, was in the thick of every danger. He courted death; but for a long time passed unscathed from lance or bullet. At length, in a sharp encounter with a party of Russians, he was struck by a chance shot, and, though not seriously wounded, he was forced to submit to being carried to the house of one of the chiefs, where he was recommended to remain till his wound should be healed. The wife and daughter of the chief in whose house he was quartered tended him with care and skill, and he was soon able to move about, but was still too weak to return to the camp. The chief's daughter was about fifteen years old. She was called in the country "The Rose," on account of her beauty. She was gentle and intelligent, and Manly passed many of the hours of his convalescence in giving her instruction in some of those simple accomplishments which form the first rudiments of an education in

Europe. There is something ineffably winning in the manners of the Mahomedan women of the East. They possess a timid gentleness, and a naïve grace, which are eminently feminine. They are taught to believe themselves as far inferior to man, as creatures of clay, that have no existence beyond this world, and their manner, therefore, towards our rougher sex is one that woos protection. It is this feeling of inferiority which gives to the face of the Oriental girl, when in repose, that expression of dreamy sadness, and that inward look to her lustrous eyes, for if she is not beloved, the end and object of her life is not fulfilled. Rose made rapid progress under Manly; and when, after some months, the camp was broken up on the approach of winter, and her father returned home, she quite astonished the poor chief with her Frankish learning. The winter passed rapidly by—the snow and the ice disappeared—the stream was again babbling merrily before the door of the Circassian keep—the forest trees were coming into leaf, and the

wild flowers and aromatic plants which covered the hills filled the air with perfume. The mountaineers began their preparations for war; but Manly had found a palliative for the sorrows of his brain, and determined to return to England; but he would not part from "The Rose." He knew the fate for which the poor child was destined, and, therefore, had no hesitation in proposing to the old chief to take Rose with him to Frankistaun, and to adopt her as his daughter; for he said that he had grown to love her as if she were his own child. The chief said that his daughter was beautiful; and that, moreover, thanks to Manly, she had learned certain accomplishments which increased her value. She would, therefore, he said, fetch a very high price at Constantinople, and that it was his intention to take her at once to the slave-market in that city, where she was sure to be bought by one of the great Pashas, or, perhaps, by the Padishaw himself. Manly offered to give any sum the chief named; but it was useless. The old man said he would never permit his child to

live amongst ghours, for that she would be much happier and better as an odalich at Stamboul, where she would ride in a gilded araba, and wear a jewelled fez, and have armed kislers to do her bidding. Manly still persisted in his offers; and the chief at length said that he would give him a final answer on the following morning. At a short distance from the house Manly found Rose seated on the ground, weeping. It was a place at which they had often sat together, and talked of the strange country from which the Englishman came. Poor Rose had overheard Manly's proposal and her father's refusal. She was no longer a child; she had passed rapidly into budding womanhood. If Manly loved her as a daughter, her feelings for him had grown into a timid but passionate love. Manly said that her father would be sure to consent, and that in a little time they would both be happy together in Frankistaun. So poor Rose was comforted. She dried her tears, and returned to the house confident and cheerful.

The sun had been risen for some time when Manly awoke next morning. He was astonished to hear none of the usual sounds about the house. There was something ominous in the silence. He dressed hastily, and hurried into the principal apartment and found it empty. With a beating heart he called Rose; but there was no answer. He went out and met an armed Circassian coming from the stable where his horse was kept. This man told him that the chief and all his family had left for Battoum in the middle of the night, at which port they intended to embark for Constantinople. He was left behind, he said, to wait on the Mousafeer, and to be his guide wherever he wished to go.

Some months afterwards Manly arrived at Constantinople. He made every inquiry amongst the Circassians at Tophana to try and discover some clue to the old chief and his daughter, but all in vain.

One day he was coming down the Bosphorus in a caique. He was passing close along the Asiatic shore, and had reached the

village of Kandeljee, when an old woman, who was standing on the marble steps, which led into the yally, or summer residence of one of the great Pashas, called to him to stop. She asked him if he were a doctor? He answered that he knew something of medicine; so she made him a sign to follow her into the house. She led him along silently into one of the small rooms of the harim. The apartment was dimly lighted, for the silken draperies of the lattice were closely drawn. On the divan lay the form of a young girl; her hands were pressed upon her bosom, and she was moaning feebly. At the noise which Manly made in approaching she raised her eyes, and, suddenly starting up, she put back the long dark hair which fell loose upon her shoulders, and, after staring at him wildly for a few minutes, she fell back upon the divan apparently lifeless.

It was poor Rose that lay before him. Under his care her senses returned; but Manly saw, to his unutterable grief, that she was dying. Immediately on her arrival at

Stamboul she told him she was bought for a large sum by the Pasha in whose house she then lay. The Pasha made her his favourite, and the other odalichs grew jealous. Finding they could not succeed in alienating the Pasha's love from Rose, they determined to poison her, and that very morning she had swallowed the fatal drug in her coffee. She said she did not regret to die, for her life had been one of constant suffering since her separation from Manly. She could never love but him; and she would take her love with her to the other world that he spoke of, and there wait his coming. And she talked of her native mountains, and of the happy hours they had passed there together; and, speaking in this way, she laid her head upon his shoulder, and, drawing a long sigh, she died.

She is buried amongst the cypress trees, upon a height above the Pasha's yally. It was on a summer's evening, years ago, when seated beside poor Rose's grave, that I heard her story.

Manly went home and entered Parlia-

ment, and he is at this moment a worthy Member of the House of Commons. He is still unmarried, and I believe means to die a bachelor.

CHAPTER IX.

As far as the inhabitants of Moldo-Wallachia are concerned, a more docile, hard-working, and honest people is not to be found. Such things as drunken riots are unknown, and robbery by a Wallachian is far from being common. Even the gypsies, who here form a comparatively large portion of the population, are not addicted to theft; a vice which, in other countries, seems to be inherent in that strange people. With regard to the upper classes, I have met amongst them men as well educated and as gifted as any of the same rank in England or France. But there is no public career open to them in their own country. There is no incen-

tive to honourable ambition, there is no occupation for the exercise of the intellect. The Government is an ignoble vassalage under another name, and its public institutions are but a mockery of independence. The office of Hospodar, so far from being a mark of distinction, conferred by the nation upon the most deserving citizen, is generally attained by the person who is most successful in ingratiating himself with the Russian authorities, and who has shown most tact in the distribution of bribes at the Porte.

Humanity demands that something should be done by the great powers of Europe for the amelioration of these Principalities. Under the present system they are exposed to the invasion of a Russian army, on the slightest pretext, and they are afterwards forced to pay the expenses of the occupation, and to support, to a great extent, those foreign troops whilst they remain in the country. In the present quarrel between Russia and the Porte, the Moldo-Wallachians, without a shadow of justice, are made the first victims. Their commerce is

ruined, the industry of the country is suspended; the peasant is dragged from the cultivation of his fields to transport the baggage of a foreign army, his house is occupied and his scanty store of food eaten by the soldiers of another nation. The farmers cannot pay their landlords, for the produce of their land is rotting in the open air at the ports of the Danube, for want of the means of transport. The forage and other stock brought to the markets of Bucharest and the other towns of the Principalities, are sold at a price fixed by the Russian Commissariat; a price which was established in the abundant season of last June, and which is less than half what the same produce ought to bring at the present time. It is evident that if this state of things be permitted to last, these Principalities, notwithstanding the immense resources with which they are endowed by nature, must fall to ruin.

Hospodars, with a divan chosen in the corrupt way I have shown, by Russia and Turkey, are evidently not a proper form of government for these countries.

Let an end be put to the intrigues by which these princes are elected and afterwards deposed. Let these two Principalities, which are capable of supporting twenty millions of souls, be raised into an independent power. Let a ruler be chosen for them from amongst the royal families of Germany, or even amongst the members of the Imperial houses of Austria or Russia. Let a regular dynasty be formed, and an end will be put to those wretched plots which thwart the authority of the Prince and lead to his downfall; plots in which the Boyards, jealous of the head of the State, and anxious to occupy his place, sacrifice the public weal in the hope of gratifying their own ambition. The example of a well-organized Court, with a virtuous and able prince at its head, would do more to eradicate the remnants of Oriental corruption which still exist in these countries, and to substitute in their place sentiments of honour, of patriotism, and of truth, than all the censures of the Press, or the remonstrances of foreign powers. Let the integrity of the

new nation be guaranteed as was that of Greece, and the Pruth would be no longer too feeble a barrier against the inroads of Russia, nor a simple line of boundary, a useless obstacle to the encroachments of Austria. Peace would at length, after long centuries of turmoil and intrigue, visit these unhappy countries. Moldo-Wallachia might then become, in reality, the granary of Europe, and, under an independent government, with rational institutions, would share in all those advantages of progressive civilization which have been hitherto denied to it by its deplorable position. You cannot expect the virtues of patriotism from men who have in reality no country, that is to say, where the aggregate of the people of whom they form a part is not bound together by equitable social laws; nor can you expect that the higher moral and intellectual qualities of a nation will develop themselves under a government which is too corrupt to appreciate such qualities or to give them encouragement.

The following is the treaty which Bladus,

Vaïvode of Wallachia, made with Sultan Mahomet II., in 1460. This treaty is the fact upon which the Turks found their right of suzereinty over the people of this Principality. Its spirit has never been altered by any subsequent act, and it is the groundwork of all the ulterior arrangements which have been made between the Principalities and the Porte, and between Russia and Turkey, for the government of Moldo-Wallachia:—

1st. "The Sultan engages for himself and his successors, to give protection to Wallachia, and to defend it against all enemies, assuming nothing more than a supremacy over the sovereignty of that Principality, the Vaïvodes of which shall be bound to pay to the Sublime Porte an annual tribute of 10,000 piastres.

2nd. "The Sublime Porte shall never interfere in the local administration of the said Principality, nor shall any Turk be ever permitted to come into Wallachia without an ostensible reason.

3rd. " Every year an officer of the Porte shall come to Wallachia to receive the tribute, and on his return shall be accompanied by an officer of the Vaïvode, as far as Giurgevo, on the Danube, where the money shall be counted over again, a second receipt given for it, and when it has been carried in safety to the other side of that river, Wallachia shall no longer be responsible for any accident that may befall it.

4th. " The Vaïvodes shall continue to be elected by the archbishop, metropolitan, bishops and boyards, and the election shall be acknowledged by the Porte.

5th. " The Wallachian nation shall continue to enjoy the free exercise of their own laws; and the Vaïvodes shall have the right of life and death over their own subjects as well as that of making war and peace, without having to account for any such proceedings to the Sublime Porte.

6th. " All Christians, who having once embraced the Mohammedan faith, should come into Wallachia and resume the Christian

religion, shall not be claimed by any Ottoman authorities.

7th. " Wallachian subjects who may have occasion to go into any part of the Ottoman dominions, shall not be there called upon for the haratsh, or capitation tax, paid by other rayahs.

8th. " If any Turk have a law-suit in Wallachia, with a subject of the country, his cause shall be heard and decided by the Wallachian divan, conformably to the local laws.

9th. " All Turkish merchants coming to buy and sell goods in the Principality, shall, on their arrival, have to give notice to the local authorities for the time necessary for their stay, and shall depart when that time is expired.

10th. " No Turk is authorized to take away one or more servants of either sex, natives of Wallachia, and no Turkish mosque shall ever exist on any part of the Wallachian territory.

11th. " The Sublime Porte promises never to grant a Firman at the request of a Wal-

lachian subject, for his affairs in Wallachia, of whatever nature they may be; and never to assume the right of calling to Constantinople, or to any other part of the Turkish dominions, a Wallachian subject, on any pretence whatever."

The Wallachians had been at war with the Turks, and having met with reverses, they were forced to conclude a peace, and the foregoing treaty contains the terms on which that peace was established.

The Danube often proved an inefficient barrier between the Christians of Moldo-Wallachia, and their fanatical neighbours. After the death of Mahomet II., the Turks made frequent inroads into the Principalities, and at one time seized upon the fortresses of Ibraila, Giurgevo, and Tourno. In 1593, however, the Vaïvode Michael put to the sword a body of three thousand janissaries, who were committing horrible ravages in the country, and finally drove the Turks across the Danube. Mahomet III. invaded Moldo-Wallachia, with an army of sixty thousand

men, and after a five years' struggle, the Mahommedans were completely routed, and again driven across the Danube. On the death of Michael, in 1602, the Turks taking advantage of the confusion which followed that event, crossed the Danube at different points, and forced the Wallachians to elect a Vaïvode named by the Sultan. The treaty of Mahomet II. was then again put in force, and the amount of the tribute raised, and from that period, up to the present time, the position of the Principalities with regard to the Porte has virtually remained the same.

It was not till 1536 that Moldavia became a tributary of the Porte. This, however, was a voluntary act on the part of the Vaïvode, who, as a measure of prudence, offered to pay an annual tribute to Sultan Suleyman I., in exchange for that monarch's protection. The same treaty as that existing between the Porte and Wallachia was then concluded between Suleyman and the Vaïvode of Moldavia, but the word 'tribute' was omitted, and 'peshkiesh,' or 'present,' substituted in its stead.

It was in 1710 that the Russians first entered into correspondence with the Princes of Moldo-Wallachia. Bessarabba, then Vaïvode of Wallachia, secretly agreed to furnish Peter the Great with a contingent of thirty thousand men, to aid him in his war against the Turks, and to furnish, moreover, the Russian army with provisions and other necessaries. This arrangement became known at Constantinople, and the Porte determined to put Bessarabba to death, by luring him into a snare. Demetrius Cantimir, the historian, was chosen by the Porte to be the organ of its vengeance, and he was accordingly sent as Vaïvode to Moldavia, and Nicholas Mavrocordato, the reigning Vaïvode, was deposed. Cantimir, however, so far from complying with the instructions of the Porte, had no sooner arrived at Yassy, than he sent to the Czar, offering him his services. Peter, seeing matters so favourable, entered Yassy at the head of a large army, in 1711; but Bessarabba, alarmed at the approach of 220,000 Turks, failed in his promise to the Czar, and it is to this conduct

on the part of the Wallachian Vaïvode, that is to be chiefly attributed the reverses of the Russian arms in that campaign. When peace was concluded, Bessarabba was sent, with all his family, to Constantinople, where he and his sons, after being tortured, were put to death, and Stephen Cantacuzene, a descendant of the imperial family of that name, was appointed Vaïvode in his stead, and Nicholas Mavrocordato was reinstated in the place left vacant by the defection of the Vaïvode Cantimir, in Moldavia.

It was after Cantacuzene's short reign of two years, that the Porte determined to take exclusively into its own hands the nomination of the Hospodars of Moldo-Wallachia, and to abolish the system of election. This determination was come to at the instigation of Alexander Mavrocordato, then chief dragoman to the Turkish government; and it was also at his suggestion that the Sultan ordered that, for the future, the Hospodars for Wallachia and Moldavia should be chosen from amongst the Fanariot Greeks of Constantinople. The Turks, at that time, re-

posed great trust in the Greeks of the Fanaar, and it was, therefore, easy to persuade them to choose from amongst them the new Vaïvodes, whom they supposed would be more tractable than those elected from amongst the native Boyards of the Principalities. This system of appointing the Vaïvodes by a simple firman from the Porte, continued till after the treaty of Adrianople, in 1829, when M. de Kisselief, then Russian Plenipotentiary of the Principalities, drew up a form of government for Moldo-Wallachia, known as the "*Réglément Organic.*" Russia had then become a protecting Power, and had a voice even more potent than that of Turkey in the internal affairs of the Principalities. By the "*Réglément Organic,*" the system of electing Hospodars from amongst the native Boyards was restored, but the election was subject to the joint approval of both the Sublime Porte and the Court of St. Petersburg. A veto from *either* Power was sufficient to annul the election. At the revolution which took place in these provinces in 1848, both princes fled, and when order was

restored in 1849, MM. Stirbey and Ghika were chosen *without* election by Russia and the Porte, as Hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia, to govern these provinces, not for life, according to the terms of the "*Réglément Organic*," but for a period of seven years.

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CHAPTER X.

Not a treaty has been quoted in these pages, that has not been violated by Russia. Russia, claiming to form one of the great family of the civilized nations of Christendom, has violated the treaty of Vienna, in taking possession of the mouths of the Danube, and obstructing their navigation; she has violated the treaty of Adrianople, in occupying the islands in that river; she has trampled on the treaty of Balta-Liman, by crossing the Pruth with her armies in last July, and even the "*Réglément Organic*," drawn up by herself, was flung aside as a dead letter, by both that Power and Turkey, in the irregular nomination of MM. Stirbey and Ghika. It is diffi-

cult to say where national faith and national honour have found a refuge in these days, when we see a great Christian Power, with whom no promise is sacred and no treaty is binding, meeting with only a qualified reproval from the other governments of Christendom. Before the Christian subjects of the Sultan call out for the Protectorate of Russia, let them look first to Moldo-Wallachia, and see the baleful effects of that Protectorate in these Principalities. Since 1829, the power of the Porte in the Danubian provinces has been but a name. The Czar, under the modest title of Protector, has been, since that period, the virtual sovereign of these countries. Not a single appointment, from that of Hospodar, down to the elder of a village, can be made without his approval. The Russian Consuls-General have had the finances under their control, and the chief of the quarantine, which is a police institution, is a Russian. And has Russia, since obtaining the Protectorate of these Principalities, gained the goodwill of the inhabitants? Was it from

sympathy for them, as members of the Greek Church, that she interfered in their concerns? Has the conduct of the Czar towards them, as head of their Church, been paternal or kind, or even just? Russia tolerates serfdom, and has permitted to the Boyards certain feudal privileges, which they can exercise over their own people, but they, themselves, are in their turn but the bondsmen of Russia. She introduced that fatal scourge, her police-laws and her espionage, and held up to the imitation of a people, emerging from barbarism, the corruption which pollutes her own institutions.

When the Russians crossed the Pruth in last July, they ordered M. Stirbey, the Hospodar of Wallachia, to refuse payment of his tribute to the Porte, and he obeyed. He was their humble servant in all they wished. The other day they ordered him to proclaim martial law, and he did so, and all his ministers signed the document, and when they wanted him no longer they ordered him to be gone. He begged to remain, but

the Russian general was inexorable, so he left Bucharest for Giurgevo, intending to proceed up the Danube to Vienna by the Austrian packet. But when he arrived at Giurgevo, the captain of the Austrian steamer refused to receive him on board, and he was forced to come back to Bucharest. Here at the gate of his capital he was stopped by the police, who would not allow him to enter, and he was obliged to make a circuit outside the town to get on the road to Hermandstadt, whither he was commanded to proceed. At Hermandstadt he was arrested by the Austrian authorities till permission came from Vienna for the exiled Hospodar of Wallachia to proceed to that city. When Stirbey was gone, Prince Gortschakoffe summoned the members of the Wallachian ministry before him, and addressed them in the following terms :—

" Messieurs, vous êtes restés chargés de l'administration du pays, mais *ma* position vous place naturellement sous ma direction. Je vous recommande l'armée Impériale. Je n'ai pas á me plaindre de la manière dont

les soldats sont traités, mais j'appelle sur eux toute votre solicitude. Il faut qu'ils ne manquent de rien, et que vous ailliez au devant de leurs besoins. Soyez zélés dans l'accomplissement de vos devoirs. M. de Khaltchinsky servira d'intermédiare entre vous et moi.

" Vous êtes sous un gouvernement militaire; tachez de vous conduire de manière á ne pas en subir les rigueurs.

" Defendez sévèrement á vos employés de s'occuper de politique quelconque.

" Quiconque entretiendra une correspondence avec la Turquie sera PENDU DEBOUT dans les vingt-quatre heures. Je dis cela pour tout le monde, depuis le Grand Bano, jusqu'au plus petit Percalabe. Je sais qu'il-y-a parmi vous des Boyards qui ont écrit pour devenir Prince et Postelnic, mais sachez qu'on sera pendu avant d'étre Hospodar ou Postelnic."

Such is the paternal tone in which the agents of the Czar speak to the ministers of the Christian people of this country; in dealing with the lower classes they employ,

as may be supposed, something stronger than words.

Within the last month war has been proclaimed by the Porte, and has been accepted by the Czar, and numbers have fallen on both sides. From the very commencement of Prince Mentschikoff's mission to Constantinople, the Emperor Nicholas had foreseen that such would be the result of his demands. He must have known full well that the Sultan would never have consented to place under the Protectorate of Russia so many millions of his subjects, and he must have also known, that in this resolution the Porte would be supported by the great Western Powers.

The Czar pledged his word that war was not his object, and his professions were believed. Negotiations were opened, but so complicated did they become, that diplomacy was at length bewildered, and the Porte, driven to desperation by the contradictory counsels of her advisers, declared war, but gave an interval of a fortnight before commencing actual hostilities. The Czar was then at Olmutz, and openly made professions of

peace. He was again believed, and the Cabinets of the other four great Powers again set to work to try and prevent bloodshed. Before any light could dawn upon the blundering obscurity which enveloped the plans of the different diplomatists, the fifteen days allowed by the Porte expired, and Turks and Russians were at once engaged in deadly strife on the Danube. On Sunday, the 23rd day of October, the delay allowed by the Sultan expired. On that very day orders were given to the Russian flotilla to advance up the Danube. The cannon on board the steamer and gun-boats were ready shotted, and the vessels were cleared for action. The fort of Issactche was the first formidable point which the flotilla had to pass. On the left bank opposite to Issactche, General Luders hastily threw up some works behind which he placed his mortars. When the hostile flotilla advanced the Turkish fortress opened its fire, which was returned by the gun-boats and steamer, whilst General Luder's battery from the opposite bank threw shells into Issactche,

which finally burned the town. It is evident then that the Russians in this provoked hostilities, and that they had determined, though negotiations for peace were going on in Europe to force Turkey into war. It will be seen from the Russian bulletin, that it had been at first intended to send up the flotilla during the night, under cover of the darkness, but that the commander and officers begged that the movement should take place in open day. The conflict therefore was foreseen, and General Luders, having thrown up a battery on the right bank, showed that the Russians determined to make the most of the conflict. When the telegraphic despatch of the French Consul-General at Bucharest, announcing this event, was published in Paris and London, few would give it credit. It was natural enough, that, in the face of the solemn protestations of peace made by the Emperor a few days before, scarcely any one would credit that he had privately ordered his generals on the Danube to commence hostilities. The sanguinary affair of Oltanitza rapidly succeeded that of

Issactche. The horrors of war have begun; negotiations are now useless, and notes and protocols may be flung to the wind.

The great Powers of Western Europe now know what they have to expect from Russia, how insincere are her professions, and how great her contempt for international rights. All the attempts of France and England at an arrangement have failed, and their counsels and remonstrances have been treated with contempt by the government of the Czar.

Russia can overwhelm Turkey, if the latter power be not assisted. Russia has continued to occupy the Danubian Principalities in spite of our remonstrances. Will we allow her to take possession of Constantinople? The Czar is driving Europe into a general war, but the bloodshed and the horrors which attend such a calamity will be laid at his door.

CHAPTER XI.

It is impossible to suppose that the inhabitants of the kingdom of Greece believe that the sympathy professed for them by Russia is either sincere or disinterested. One fact alone will be sufficient to show what are the real views of the cabinet of St. Petersburg with regard that country.

In 1843 a conspiracy was got up in Greece, which had for its object to force King Otho to abandon his throne, and fly from the country, that a Hospodar appointed by Russia might be placed in his stead. At the head of this conspiracy was the then Russian chargé d'affaires at Athens, and the chief instrument in carrying on his schemes

was General Kalergi. About three years ago I was staying at the island of Hydra, where General Kalergi then resided with his relative, M. Conduriotis. We were thrown a good deal together, and it was then that I learned the original object of the revolution which took place in Greece in 1843.

General Kalergi told me that for some time previous to the month of September, 1843, he had been in constant secret communication with the Russian Minister at Athens. He was then, he said, devoted heart and soul to Russia, and was determined to carry out her designs even at the risk of his life. Kalergi has a great and well deserved reputation for bravery, and he is moreover an excellent officer. These qualities had given him great influence over the whole Greek army, but he was particularly beloved by the cavalry, of which he was the immediate chief. It was on account of this influence which Kalergi possessed over the Greek troops, and his known devotion to Russia, that he was chosen as a proper instrument by the Russian agent. A little

before midnight on the 3rd September, 1843, Kalergi placed himself at the head of the cavalry, which had been kept under arms, and sent his aide-de-camp to order the artillery and infantry to join him without delay. The aide-de-camp, who was accompanied by a detachment of Lancers, was instructed to put under arrest any officer who refused to obey Kalergi's command. Only a few officers devoted to Kalergi were aware of the object of the movement, the mass of the army knew nothing of the reason of their being called out, but they obeyed Kalergi as he was the officer commanding in the town. As to the citizens, they were, one and all, kept in the most profound ignorance with regard to the plot or its objects. When the troops were assembled, Kalergi appealed to their love for their country, for which they had fought and bled, and he then excited their resentment against the present order of things, by showing them that the court was filled by foreigners, and that honours and favours were daily showered upon strangers, whilst the Greeks, who had purchased their coun-

try's independence with their blood, were treated with neglect. He then called on them to follow him, and that he would obtain redress. His speech was answered by a cheer, and he at once marched to the palace, which he surrounded with his troops, whilst he planted his loaded cannon at the gates. In the early part of the evening an order had been sent to the commander of a Greek war steamer lying at the Piræus, who was in the plot, to have his steam up at about midnight, to be ready to convey King Otho to Trieste the instant His Majesty arrived on board. The conspirators naturally concluded that the King, terrified by the revolt of his troops, would at once fly from Greece. In this, however, they were mistaken. His Majesty is a man of undaunted courage, and he was determined that if he could not remain on his throne, that he would at least die in its defence. Thus the main object of the conspirators failed. In this dilemma Kalergi sent his aide-de-camp for instructions to M. Katakasi, the Russian minister. M. Katakasi, however, had already received information

of the state of things at the Palace, and of the King's determination to defend his crown to the last extremity. The Russian minister saw at once that his plot had failed; and to save himself and his government, if possible, from the stigma of being the instigators of the treason, he determined to abandon Kalergi to his fate, and therefore loading the General's aide-de-camp with abuse, calling him rebel and villain, he drove him out of his house. When the aide-de-camp returned to Kalergi, and told him of the reception he had met with from M. Katakasi, "I felt my head," the General said to me, "tottering on my shoulders; I was in a state of rage and despair, but I was determined to make a bold attempt to try and save the lives of those who, like myself, had been seduced into the undertaking. I therefore sent my aide-de-camp to Sir Edmund Lyons, to tell him of the position in which I was placed, and to beg his advice and protection. Sir Edmund at once sent me back word, to remain where I was, to keep the troops quiet, and that he would go and see the King."

The people had followed the troops into the open place before the palace. When they heard the movement was to get rid of the foreign employés, they joined in the cry, and they shouted out that the King should give them a constitution. Sir Edmund Lyons had not been long in conference with the King, when he came out and announced to the soldiers and the people, in the name of his Majesty, that the foreign employés should be all sent out of Greece, and that a constitution would be given to that country. This announcement was received with wild enthusiasm, the soldiers returned to their quarters, and the citizens carried Kalergi in triumph through the streets of Athens. Thus, as it sometimes happens, out of evil comes good.

Kalergi, after these events, became the devoted friend of Sir Edmund Lyons. He went to England shortly after as the patriot who had obtained a constitution for Greece, and he was presented with 3,000*l.* and a costly sword, by his countrymen who are established there as merchants. So con-

fident was the Russian Government of the success of this conspiracy, that they had already appointed a Russian governor for Greece, and had made all the arrangements for placing the country under the exclusive protection of the Czar.

CHAPTER XII.

It has been the fashion for some years past to decry the kingdom of Greece, its government, and its laws. I have been well acquainted with that country since 1843, for I arrived there in that year on board the same British frigate which brought Mavrocordato, who after the revolution was appointed prime-minister. I could never discover any but a very flimsy basis for all this abuse. The evils which do exist in the country spring entirely from its poverty and its weakness, and the only remedy for them is to find some measure which would render the country stronger and more prosperous. In these days the power and

wealth of a nation depend chiefly on its commerce. The commerce of Greece is very limited, and for this reason—that its soil is, for the greater part, unproductive, and its population small, and, generally speaking, poor. Patras and Syra are the only towns of any commercial importance. Patras has an export trade in currants; and Syra owes its comparative prosperity to its position, which is admirably adapted for transit trade. It cannot be said that the Greeks are either idle or ignorant; they make the most of the few local advantages which they possess. The trade of Patras and Syra have been developed to their utmost limits since the independence of the country has been established. Those Greeks who could not find an opening in their own country have carried their talents and their spirit of enterprise elsewhere. Within the last few years they, by their unwearied activity, have absorbed the whole trade of the Levant; and the millions which are yearly exported from Great Britain to the Mediterranean pass through their hands. One

of the richest banking-houses in the world at the present day is that of Baron Sina at Vienna, who is a most patriotic Greek, and Consul-General and Agent for King Otho in Austria. The house of Mr. Ralli, Consul-General for Greece in London, holds a very high place amongst the commercial establishments of Great Britain. Mr. Ralli has large commercial houses in Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Odessa, and Calcutta, and at different ports of the Mediterranean. There are no people who have so strong a spirit of national union amongst them as the Greeks. Their general prosperity and success in foreign countries is almost entirely owing to this sentiment. They mutually assist each other, and this is the reason why in most of the commercial crises the Greek houses have remained intact, whilst many of greater pretensions, both British and foreign, became bankrupt. When a Greek is prosperous in the world he extends his assistance to all his relations, and never denies a claim made upon him in the name of his country.

It cannot be said the Greeks are ignorant,

for the university of Athens is at present the first seat of ancient Greek learning in Europe. Modern Greek, which only a few years ago was studied solely by some Fanariot families, is now spoken with purity by millions of the Greek race. There is not a town or village throughout Greece that has not a college or a school paid by the nation. I remember visiting, not long ago, a little village about twelve miles from Nauplia, on the sea-shore. The inhabitants were very poor—some of the poorest in all Greece—but they had a school. The wretched people toiled at the meagre soil from morning till night to keep the wolf from the door; and though their children might have aided them in their labour, yet they thought it their first duty to send their little ones to school. I visited this school, where I found some thirty children assembled. They were supplied with slates and books by the *commune*, but writing-paper was an expensive luxury which was only given to the more advanced pupils. The beginners learned to write upon the sand. There was a long

board, with a ledge round it, strewed with a thin layer of fine sea-sand, and before this eight or ten little creatures were standing, and with their chubby fingers were drawing upon the sand their alphas and omegas under the direction of a monitor. They all pulled off their red caps when I entered, and laying their little hands on their breasts, they made me a grave bow. The head boy, who had nothing on but a loose shirt and very wide pair of breeches, recited for me, with a great deal of fire, a warlike passage out of Homer, which was applauded by all the little fellows as soon as he had finished.

Arithmetic, geography, and general history are taught in all these small schools. Besides the university at Athens, there are two royal colleges; one at Patras, the other at the Piræus; and there are large public schools in all the principal towns. I was present once at the midsummer examination which took place at the public school of Tripolitza, where the pupils answered exceedingly well in mathematics, literature, and history. There is an extensive military

college at the Piræus, and judging from what I saw at the public examination there, it is conducted as well as any establishment of the kind in Europe. There is, also, a school of agriculture near Nauplia, which has done a great deal of good by introducing improved machinery into the husbandry of the country, and by the excellent system taught there for the cultivation of tobacco and of the vine. The exportation of tobacco from Nauplia has of late become pretty considerable. It is almost all shipped from that port to Marseilles.

After having shown that the Greeks are an industrious and well-educated people, I think it will be very easy to prove that they are lovers of freedom. In Greece there is a limited monarchy; there is a parliament composed of a senate and chamber of deputies, and *there is universal suffrage*. The press is free, and the expression of individual opinion is uncontrolled. There are no passports, no spies, no tortures, and no condemnation without a legal trial. People are found who assert that King Otho is opposed to a po-

pular form of government, and that he has with him a party whose constant efforts are to try and overthrow the constitution. Such assertions are totally unfounded. The only enemies of the constitution in Greece are the Russians. It is with them that originate all the accusations against King Otho, his government, and his people. It is they who are most active in trying to vilify Greece in the eyes of Europe, that they may hold it up as a model of the evil effects of constitutional freedom. I defy the enemies of Greece to point out a single unconstitutional, arbitrary, or cruel act that was ever sanctioned by King Otho. His Majesty accepted the constitution in 1843, because it was the will of the nation, and he has remained conscientiously faithful to the pledge he then gave. In this his example has been followed by his brother King Maximilian of Bavaria. King Maximilian ascended the throne in 1848, and swore allegiance to the constitution, and he is the only sovereign of central Europe that has not broken a similar engagement. The Emperor of Austria is the first cousin, and

has again been nearly allied to the King of Bavaria, and what account did the Austrian government set upon the constitution or the oaths by which it was made sacred? The King of Prussia is also the relative of King Maximilian, and where are the popular rights which that monarch swore to give to his people? Uninfluenced by the example of his powerful neighbours, and unswayed by their remonstrances, the King of Bavaria, in the midst of the despotic states by which he is surrounded, has kept his honour unsullied and his word unbroken.

The same religious toleration which exists in Bavaria exists also in Greece. In Bavaria the large Protestant population enjoy equal rights with their Catholic fellow-citizens. The king is a Roman Catholic, but Queen Marie of Bavaria is a Protestant. The majority of the Greek people belong to the orthodox faith, but their king is a Catholic, and the Queen of Greece is a Protestant. Greeks of all religions are equal before the law, nor is one religion favoured in the slightest degree more than another.

There is a chapel in the palace of Athens in which, when mass has been said in presence of the king, the Protestant chaplain performs the service of his church for the queen.

CHAPTER XIII.

THERE is a very handsome Protestant church in Athens, near the Acropolis, dedicated to St. Paul. There is also a large Catholic church in the city. The congregations which frequent both churches are very limited. In the Peloponnesus, the islands of the Ægean sea, and the interior of Attica, the population is entirely of the Greek faith. I remember that in my first visit to Nauplia I was wandering through some of the remote streets in search of the remains of that proud republic of Venice whose winged lions are still over the gates of the town, when I found myself before what had once been a Turkish mosque. Whilst looking at this

relic of a people that had at one time triumphed over the fleets and armies of Venice and the militant church of Christendom, a door of the old mosque opened, and there came out a Catholic priest. The mosque had been converted into a chapel this gentleman told me, and was confided to his care. We entered the old mosque together. Over the altar was a handsome painting of the Holy Family, which was a present from the late Queen of the French. He told me that he was all alone; that he had not even a clerk. He said that in Nauplia there was not a single Catholic, but that there were a few Bavarians employed in the arsenal, and that on Sundays and feast-days they came to assist at the sacrifice of the mass. He said that until that day, for a long time, he had not spoken Italian, which was his native tongue. He spoke Greek well, but he said it was pleasant to him to hear the language of his childhood. He leaned his head pensively on one side as he said this. I saw that he was thinking of his convent-garden in the Alban hills.

Nessun maggior dolore,
Che récordarsi del tempo felice, nella miseria,

says poor Francesca, and this is a very touching truth, even though written in less beautiful words than those of Dante.

Early the next morning I came back to the chapel and waited on the priest whilst saying mass. It was a duty I had done in times gone by with a lighter heart. We were alone, and there was something more than usually solemn and mournful in the words of the sacrifice, as they echoed under the domed roof of the old mosque.

In the dominions of King Otho the Greek race have the means of obtaining a refined and useful education, as well as a love for constitutional freedom. It is impossible then to suppose that, possessed of these advantages, they would ever willingly consent to become the serfs of Russia. In Greece the peasantry are almost in general proprietors of the portion of land on which they live, and they pay no other tribute than the taxes due to the government, which are legally assessed. Here, in Moldo-Wallachia,

which is under the protection of Russia, the peasants are little better than slaves. I have seen them struck, and even cruelly beaten by those above them in rank, without murmuring, or even dreaming of seeking redress. The Greeks have a traditional hatred to the Turks; but I have never met one amongst them who would aid Russia in making war against the Porte if he thought that, on the overthrow of the Sultan, he should fall under the yoke of the Czar.

CHAPTER XIV.

At the end of October I started one evening at about ten o'clock from Bucharest for the town of Giurgevo. I was in a light open carriage, drawn by four horses. There was only a place for one person inside, and my servant sat upon a seat in front. It was a sharp, frosty night, but I was well wrapped in furs, and I lay at full length in the bottom of the carriage, for I had the seat removed, with a thick layer of hay beneath me, and a bag of despatches under my head. I beguiled the way in looking at the stars, which were shining with solemn brightness in the clear sky above me, and I soothed my spirits by smoking some excellent cigars, which a

thoughtful friend had bestowed upon me before parting. Smoking the chibouk, with which I always travel in these countries, was out of the question, for going at full speed, as we did, over the uneven ground, it would have been impossible to hold it steadily to one's lips. At about twelve miles from Bucharest our headlong career was brought to a sudden check by two Russian sentinels, with fixed bayonets. The terrified postilion pulled up his horses in a twinkling, and the soldiers, seizing them by their heads, led us off the high road into the midst of an encampment. Here we were questioned by an officer, who seeing, I suppose, our harmless appearance, and that our passports were in order, permitted us to proceed. Though the encampment was large the silence was profound, and we certainly should have passed it by without knowing we were near so formidable a force, had we not been stopped by the sentries on the high road. The men's arms were piled before each tent, and suspended from the fixed bayonets were the helmets and cross-belts all ready to hand.

There was only one watch-fire, and that was at a little distance beyond the camp. There were some eighty or ninety men standing round it, dressed in their long great-coats. They stood there like statues, not speaking a word. Grim and fierce they looked in the flickering light of the fire, and so profound was the silence around them, and so motionless their attitudes, that they seemed as if engaged in some unholy rite. The moment we were clear of the camp we scampered away quicker than ever. Every ten miles we got fresh horses, and by giving a small present to the chouch, or stable-keeper, we got the best of his steeds.

A little before dawn we entered the town of Giurgevo. The dispatches which I had with me were to be sent across the Danube to Rutschuck to Said Pacha, who had orders to forward them by a Tatar to the British Ambassador at Constantinople. The case was one of great difficulty, for martial law had been proclaimed and all communications with the Turkish bank of the river was forbidden under pain of death. We, how-

ever, succeeded in getting the despatches across to Rutschuck, and they were at the proper time duly received by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

There are two small islands lying opposite to Giurgevo, one of these is called in Wallachian Mokan. The whole surface of this island is thickly covered with stunted trees, under which a large body of men might easily remain unseen. The other island, which lies a little higher up the river than Mokan, is an open marsh on which there is a watchhouse raised upon poles, which at the time I visited Giurgevo, was occupied by Cossacks. At dawn, on the 2nd of November, eleven boats filled with men were discovered coming down the river from the direction of Rutschuck and making towards Mokan. The fog was very thick, so that the boats were half way through when the alarm was given. There was only one point at Giurgevo from which artillery could reach these boats, and from this point the Russian guns were distant about half a quarter of a mile. Before these guns could be brought

up, eight of the boats had reached Mokan and landed their men, but three still remained, and upon these the Russian artillery opened their fire. No sooner had the first gun been fired than a Turkish war steamer came out from Rutschuck and sweeping bravely down the river took the boats in tow and returned the fire of the Russians. Giurgevo at the point where the guns were stationed is about thirty-five or forty feet above the level of the river. The steamer was on the outside of the first island, she had, therefore, to fire over the island and on to the height where the artillery was stationed. This the people on board the steamer performed with a scientific skill difficult to surpass. One shot from the steamer killed a Wallachian sentry, another struck a house in the town at about three feet from the ground, making a breach in the front wall, and then recochetting, broke its way through a second wall, and a third shot killed a woman in one of the streets, which is about a hundred yards from the bank of the river. I mention these details to show that the Turkish

artillerymen know their business, for firing, as they did by parabole, is not a thing to be learned in a day. All this time the men in the boats, taken in tow by the steamer, were standing up and firing their muskets, as if in defiance, though the shots were dropping around them. The three boats finally reached the island and landed their men, and the steamer anchored close in on the Turkish bank of the mainland. As far as I could see of the men on the island of Mokan, through a very good glass, and of the others who came to reinforce them on the following days, they must have been all irregular troops. The Turks are still (19th November) in possession of Mokan, though various attempts have been made to dislodge them, one of which was officially announced as being successful. When I left Giurgevo, the Russians had two thousand infantry, a regiment of hussars, and twenty pièces of cannon in the town and the immediate neighbourhood.

My intention on leaving Giurgevo was to go by the road along the river to Oltanitza, the head-quarters of General Dannenberg.

We knew that the Turks had landed in force near Oltanitza, and that a battle at that point was inevitable, if it had not already taken place. The governor of Giurgevo, however, advised me not to go by the bank of the river as I would thus run the risk of being picked off by a stray shot, but recommended a road higher up which was quite as short and much safer. As I have always had a great objection to being killed by mistake, I followed the governor's advice. I know nothing more exhilarating than after a good cup of coffee in the morning to get into one of these little Wallachian carriages, and with four or six horses to dash off at full speed across the wild shrubless steppes. I had four excellent horses going out of Giurgevo with a gipsy boy as postilion. I promised him an additional swanzaker if he drove fast. He grinned at this, and tightening the sash he wore round his waist, shrieked at his horses, and cracking his long-thonged whip over his head, we started off at full speed. The little wretch seemed delighted with his

work, for he would lean forward in his saddle uttering piercing cries, at which the horses would lay down their ears and gallop away faster, if possible, than before. When at times he turned round, laughing, with his flashing eyes, and glittering white teeth, and his elfin hair streaming in the wind, he looked a perfect imp.

It was a more serious thing than I thought, that of entering the Russian lines; for those pleasant fellows, the Cossacks, have a habit of firing at strangers; but I think it right to say that if they do not succeed in killing you at the first shot, they often enter very willingly into conversation, and are ready to receive anything you have to give. I had, therefore, to keep up the road as high as Dobrene, a distance of five posts, and then take the road by Negoyesti to Oltanitza. At Dobrene we came upon a brigade of infantry and a strong body of sappers and miners, marching in the same direction as ourselves. Whilst we were changing horses at Dobrene a crowd of young girls, dressed out in their finery, for it was a holiday, were

standing near, looking at the soldiers as they passed. Some of them were very pretty; and one in particular, though she wore no stockings, and her poor legs were quite pink from the cold, was really beautiful. Their pleasant smile and odd curtsy, when I bade them good evening, made me forget the horrible Cossacks.

CHAPTER XV.

We made a detour to get ahead of the soldiers, and as night was setting in we reached the banks of the Ardgish. At every few paces along the road we met with baggage waggons, detachments of soldiers and stragglers of different kinds. But these were all staid regular troops, and not practical jokers, like the Cossacks. The Cossacks prefer playing off their pranks about the advanced posts of the army, where skirmishing is going on, and where there is a little pleasant license.

At nightfall the postilion struck into another road to avoid the stragglers, and to get on, as he thought, more rapidly. It

soon, however, became very dark, and he lost his way. The sky was covered with heavy dark clouds, large drops of rain began to fall, and a strong wind which was against us, blew the coarse dust into my eyes, as we galloped along, which made them smart severely. Occasionally the postilion stopped and called out, but no one answered. As far round as I could see, there was not a sign of a human habitation. Sometimes we got off the road altogether, and went careering through the fields. I like very much to follow a pack of hounds when well mounted, but I am forced to confess that crossing the country in a carriage is not pleasant. I was cold and wet, and out of temper, and forgot all about the pretty faces I had seen at Dobrene. At length, we suddenly stumbled in some unaccountable way, into the midst of a little village. Here the postilion learned his road, and about two hours later we arrived at Boudesti. We were stopped at the barrier; but the sentries finding I was going on to the Commander-in-chief, we passed through.

It was late at night when I arrived at Negoyesti where I intended to sleep. Here there is a khan which professes to give dry lodging to belated travellers. It is in a damp position on the bank of the Ardgish and at about two hours distance from Oltanitza. The postmaster of Negoyesti was absent, and the landlord of the khan gave me the room which that functionary generally occupied, and which he said was the best in the house. It was a very dirty room, containing a stove in which there was no fire, a deal table, and a chair, and two divans, which at night were converted into beds. There was no wood to be had to make a fire; the Russians, the man said, had carried it all away. So I bought two chairs and had them broken up for fuel, and I soon had a tolerable fire in the stove. I had brought with me from Giurgevo two roast fowls, a couple of bottles of wine, and some bread, which was lucky, for there was little to eat in the khan but onions.

For about seven hours we had been travelling in a cloud of dark dust, or rather sand.

It had not rained sufficiently to penetrate the thick layer of coarse, gritty dust with which the road was covered, and the horses, as they galloped along, kicked it up in a mass, and the strong wind, joined to the speed at which we were going, kept it whirling round us in a cloud. My face was as black as if I had come out of a coal-pit, and to my dismay I found that the roast fowls, when unpacked, were covered with a coating of dirt, as if they had been rolled in the ashes. The dust had penetrated through everything. It got into the tube of my chibouk, it incorporated itself with the tobacco, and become a component part of the bread, meat, and wine. The rain had converted the dust on my hat and cloak into a thick coating of stucco, and my hair and beard, from the same cause, had become of the colour and consistency of a tile.

As soon as I had finished my gritty meal, I was preparing to lie down as comfortably as I could on one of the divans, and try and get to sleep, when I received a visit from an aide-de-camp of the Commander-in-Chief, who

told me he had been sent by the General to say that it would be dangerous for me to move about the advanced posts of the army, for that the Cossacks, who are a wild and barbarous race, had little respect for any one who did not wear the Russian uniform, and the General had therefore directed that an officer should accompany me, whose presence would save me from molestation. Thereupon the aide-de-camp introduced a young officer, who spoke French very well, and who turned out a very good-tempered, agreeable companion. I agreed fully with the aide-de-camp that even knouting the Cossack to death who might bring me to an untimely end, could scarcely do me much good as I lay stark and cold on the banks of the Ardgish. I therefore accepted the companionship of the young officer with lively gratitude, and I begged of the aide-de-camp to express my acknowledgments to the Prince and to General Dannenberg for their thoughtful kindness.

The town of Oltanitza is situated near the confluence of the river Ardgish and the

Danube. Nearly opposite to Oltanitza, on the right bank of the Danube, is the Turkish town and fortress of Tartukai, and about equidistant from both banks, is a small island. At the extreme point where the Ardgich falls into the Danube, is a large stone building which serves as a quarantine, and near it are the ruins of a fort. The Turks, advancing from Tartukai, first took possession of the island, where they erected batteries, and then crossed over to the quarantine point. Here they cut a ditch from the Ardgich to the Danube, which enclosed the quarantine and the old fort. They also constructed a masked battery of nine guns. The Turks were allowed to pursue their operations quietly without molestation from the Russians, and this I observe to have been hitherto the constant tactic of Prince Gortschakoff and his generals. His idea seems to be to concentrate the Turkish troops as much as possible at one point, and then fall upon and crush them at a single blow. If this be the Prince's idea, he has

certainly underrated the courage and skill of his adversaries.

When about ten thousand Turks were concentrated about the quarantine of Oltanitza, a body of Russian cavalry were sent forward to make a reconnaissance. The object of this movement was evidently to draw the Turks out of their entrenchments, and it naturally enough succeeded with troops excited as are those of the Sultan. At the fire which the Turks opened upon them the cavalry fell back, and the former, thinking them routed, threw planks across the ditch, and, crossing over, advanced into the open country. The main body of the Russians then pushed forward under the fire of the artillery which was posted on the heights behind. When within a short distance of the Turks, the Russian infantry formed in line and charged. The Turks met them bravely, and for a few minutes it was a hand-to-hand fight. Generally speaking, the Russian infantry soldier is a taller and a brawnier man than the Turk, and in a

struggle which bone and muscle must decide, supposing the courage and skill of the combatants to be equal, the Russians naturally had the advantage. The Turks gave way, and retreated within their works, and were hotly pursued by their adversaries. The Russians poured down in mass, thinking the day their own, and were swarming across the ditch cut by the Turks from the Ardgich to the Danube, when suddenly the guns of Tartukai, the batteries on the island, and the seven gun-boats anchored near it, opened a tremendous fire of round shot and shells, whilst the masked battery near the Quarantine belched out its grape and canister. General Dannenberg said subsequently, that since Borodino, he had not seen so well sustained a fire; and another of the Generals told a friend of mine, that since the siege of Warsaw, he had not seen so destructive a cannonade for the time it lasted. The Russians were completely paralyzed at this unexpected reception. There were a few moments as if of stupefaction, no command was given, and the men stood still under the

fire of their adversaries. Luckily for the Russians, this confusion lasted but an instant. Suddenly the order to retire was given, and the troops fell back steadily beyond the range of the Turkish guns. One thousand and five men of the Russians were put *hors de combat* on that day, and on an average, eight out of every ten of the wounded sent into hospital have since died. The Turks had a body of about eight hundred sharpshooters armed with the Minié rifle, under cover within their works, whose sole duty was to shoot the Russian officers whenever they came within range. This accounts for the number of officers killed and wounded.

In the night the Turks destroyed their works, and retired across the Danube to Tartukai, taking with them their *killed* as well as their wounded.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE sight of death on a field of battle, does not produce the same feeling of awe that is caused even by the view of a passing funeral. You ride over the field the day after the fight, and you thread your way amongst the dead with a strange indifference at the sight of so much carnage. Whilst listening to the roar of battle, to the clash of arms, and the cries of the combatants, your mind is being prepared for the spectacle which awaits it, when the smoke will have cleared away and the opposing ranks have ceased their work of slaughter. Then the free wind is blowing freshly over the bodies of the slain; the sky above is bright and sunny, birds are singing on the neighbour-

ing trees, and the broad Danube is flowing calmly on to the sea. And close to where the soldier lies dead, his comrades are busy with their camp-kettles cooking their morning meal or are going through the routine of their duties. Nothing around you is in harmony with feelings of mourning or regret. And so you continue your way over the ground till you have satisfied your curiosity as to the state of the living and the number of the dead, and then you too look anxiously after your morning meal, and as you are sipping your coffee and smoking your pipe, you speculate calmly upon the chances of the war.

How different is this from the feeling of depressing awe with which you look on death in cities, in the sick chamber, in the midst of quiet, daily avocations. In the house where there is death, you walk noiselessly and hold your breath, for perhaps you hear stifled sobs. It may be, a child, that is weeping beside her dying father, or a mother's heart that is breaking, for the boy who was her pride and hope, lies dead.

Some years ago I was delayed at Marseilles, waiting the arrival of the steamer which was to take me to Malta. It was the merry vintage-time, when the fields resound with cheerful cries; the colleges and schools are closed, professor and schoolboy are free, and for some weeks at least, the former bids good-bye to headaches, and the latter to the *salle de discipline*.

On the first day of my dining at the *table d'hôte* of the hotel where I put up, there was a young collegian present, who told us that he lived near Cannes, and that he was waiting for his father, who was to come and take him home. He said he had passed a good examination, and he showed us the prizes he had won. The sight of these prizes, he said, would make his father very happy, and that was the reason he had worked so hard to get them. He worked so hard that he had made himself ill, he told us, and was obliged to go to the infirmary for a couple of days before leaving the college. He was not yet well, for he had a great pain in his head. But when he

got home the pain would go away; his father and he would be so happy together. He was his father's only child: his mother was dead, she had died long ago when he was a baby. He amused us with his talk, but before dinner was over, the pain in his head was so bad that he had to go to bed. His room in the hotel was next to mine, and as I passed it by that night, the door was open, and I saw a night-lamp burning on the mantel-piece and a woman, a nurse-tender evidently, was preparing a drink at a table on which were some medicine bottles.

From my bed I could hear all that passed in the sick boy's room. He was attacked with fever, and it was evident that he had already become delirious. "Oh! Papa! viens donc, mon papa. Papa! où est mon Papa?" I heard him call out, and then he would cry and say that his father did not care for him, and would never come. After some time the nurse seemed to grow angry, for I heard her say, "Hold your tongue, I can't get a wink of sleep; ton papa! ton papa! ton papa ne viendra pas." But the

boy still called plaintively upon his father, and then I heard a sound as if the woman struck him. He moaned sadly, but he spoke no more.

I was awakened the next morning, by the noise of some one running rapidly up-stairs. I heard the door of the collegian's room flung open, and a man's voice say, "Jules, my child, here I am," and there was the sound of an embrace. It was the boy's father. "Oh! my father!" said Jules, "where is my father? Don't strike me, and I will be very good, but send me my father." "Oh! mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" said the father, "he don't know me," and I heard the man sob convulsively.

It was late when I stole noiselessly to my room that night. Jules and his father were together; I heard them speaking. The boy's senses had returned. "Shall we soon go home, father?" said Jules, in a weak voice, "I don't like this place." "Certainly, my dear child," said the father, "we shall go home the instant you get a little stronger." Then they talked about a pony,

which Jules was to ride, and of his gun, and the friends they were to visit. Old Theresa, Jules' bonne, would be so glad to see him; the old woman always cried with joy when he came back from college. She had prepared Jules' room. It was quite droll to see the fidget she was in all day long, about this room. It could never be nice enough for her Jules. She had hung a picture of *Notre Dame de la Garde* at the head of his bed, and every morning she put fresh flowers in his window. The father talked a great deal about "Marie." She had become a *grande demoiselle*, and prettier than ever. Every Sunday since Jules went to college, she came to the château with her mamma, to ask for news about him. They would go and pay her a long visit when they got back to Cannes. I observed that Jules' voice was growing weaker and weaker, and at length it was the father alone who spoke. And Jules would sigh whenever his father spoke of little Marie.

"Jules, my child," said his father, "you are listening to me." "Oui, mon papa,"

answered Jules. "Tu es content que je te parle, mon enfant chérie?" "Oh, yes, speak to me always, father," answered the boy. "Jules!" called out the father after a time, but he called again before Jules answered, and then it was very feebly. After a pause, the old man again called "Jules!" but there was no reply, and he called again and again in a louder voice, but his son did not answer. Then there was a cry of grief from the old man that went through my heart, and I knew that poor Jules was dead.

I was very glad to leave Marseilles next day; but despite the bustle of departure and the change of scene, it was a long time before I could shake off the saddening effects of the young collegian's death.

CHAPTER XVII.

After the engagement at Oltanitza, there was some skirmishing, of no importance, between the Turks on Mokan and the Russian troops stationed at Giurgevo. On one occasion, the Russians brought some field-pieces down to the water's edge, opposite to Mokan, during the night; and when the fog cleared away in the morning, they opened a brisk cannonade upon the Turks, and then, crossing over, drove them from the island. After having destroyed whatever trifling works they found at Mokan, the Russians returned to Giurgevo, and the Turks, on the following day, again took up their position on the island. This island

is not of the slightest importance to either party, and therefore it does not matter by whom it is held at the present moment. A landing at Giurgevo by the Turks would be almost impossible, the bank is so high; whereas, a little lower down or higher up, the country is flat and open.

The original motive of the Turkish general in occupying Mokan was evidently to cause a diversion, whilst he was sending troops across to Oltanitza.

In the beginning of November, the Turks occupied two important points on the left bank of the Danube, as well as the island of Mokan, opposite Giurgevo. At that time, the Russian army in the Principalities did not consist of much more than fifty thousand effective men. If from these three points Omar Pasha had made a simultaneous movement, he might have established his head-quarters at Bucharest. It is to be presumed that Prince Gortschakoff supposed that the Turkish general would take advantage of the success which he had obtained at Oltanitza and advance towards the capital of

Wallachia, which was within little more than a day's march; for, immediately on the news of the battle of Oltanitza reaching the Russian Commander-in-chief, he, for the first time, left his quarters at Bucharest, with the whole of his staff, and joined General Dannenberg at Boudesti, in and around which village he concentrated, with almost incredible rapidity, forty thousand men and ninety pieces of cannon. He sent forward a few battalions towards Giurgevo, but he made no movement in the direction of Kalafat, for he knew that Ishmael Pasha was not in a condition to attempt offensive operations. No army in the world could have stood under the guns of Tartukai; the Turks, therefore, might safely have remained at Oltanitza, where the quarantine would in itself have furnished excellent quarters for a considerable body of men, and they might have easily, and at their leisure, constructed huts of sufficient solidity to resist the inclemency of the coming winter.; for winter had not yet begun, nor was anything like severe weather felt in Wallachia till the

29th of November. Up to that date the nights were cold, but the days were generally bright and sunny. It was therefore absurd to say that the inclemency of the weather had induced Omar Pasha to withdraw his men from Oltanitza. I can bear witness to the astonishment with which the Russians found that the Turks, during the night, had blown up their works at Oltanitza and retired across the river to Tartukai. Prince Gortschakoff, who hurried out from Bucharest with the idea possibly of seeing some fighting the morning after his arrival at Boudesti, rode down to Oltanitza, and, after ordering his staff to retire, went alone over the dismantled works at the quarantine point, and having finished his survey, galloped back to his comfortable quarters in the capital of Wallachia, perfectly easy in his mind, doubtless, on the subject of surprises from his Moslem adversaries. The Russian Commander-in-chief evidently considered the campaign as closed till the spring, unless, perhaps, a chance offered itself of effecting a *coup-de-main* at Kalafat. The Russians saw

with satisfaction that the Turks were coming over in large numbers to Kalafat, and their hopes were consequently greater that they would gradually spread themselves over Little Wallachia. One of the first objects of Prince Gortschakoff, on the breaking out of the war, seemed to be to induce the Turks to occupy that part of the Principalities. For that purpose, he withdrew his troops from Little Wallachia, leaving but a very small force in the neighbourhood of Crayova. Had his object been to prevent the Turks from taking possession of Kalafat, he might have fallen upon them in detail as they landed, for they came over in boats; or he might have attacked them before they commenced their works of defence. Such, however, was not his plan. He hopes, evidently, to make short work of the campaign, to fall upon the Turks when they have assembled in sufficient numbers on the left bank of the Danube, so that, if the river is to be crossed next spring, it can be effected with but little difficulty. I can only infer from all that I have seen that this is Prince

Gortschakoff's plan; whether it will turn out successful or not is, of course, another question.

Shortly after the battle of Oltanitza, the winter festivities began at Bucharest, and dinner-parties, balls, and concerts, succeeded each other with rapidity, as though the hospitals were not filled with the wounded and the sick, and there were not hundreds of newly-dug graves on the banks of the Ardgish. Oltanitza was forgotten; a new topic had taken possession of the town—an ENGLISH *prima donna* was announced for the Italian opera of Bucharest. We naturally felt anxious for the success of our countrywoman, appearing at such a moment before an audience almost entirely Russian. We feared that she might be badly received because of her country, and therefore it was with considerable anxiety that we took our places in the Consul-General's box to witness her appearance in Beatrice di Tenda.

Singing, as I have already mentioned, is taught in every regiment in the Russian army; and amongst Russian officers I have

met some very good musicians. The majority of our prima donna's audience might therefore be supposed to possess a certain amount of critical talent. The Englishwoman's success was decided after the first scene. The Russian officers, who crowded the pit, applauded uproariously, and brought our countrywoman three times curtseying to the foot-lights. She had a good voice, of considerable compass; but, above all, she showed herself a thorough musician, who had been properly educated for her profession. She sang the composer's music faithfully and correctly, a thing which no one had ever heard before at the Opera of Bucharest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

An occasional steamer still plied between Constantinople and Galatz, and by one of these Her Majesty's Agent at Bucharest determined to send despatches to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Mr. Colquhoun had two Albanians in his service, named Georgie and Yanni. These men wear the fustanelle and turban, and carry arms in their belt according to the custom of their country. Georgie has been employed in the consulate for nineteen years. He is a staid, solemn-visaged man, very chary of his words, and prefering to convey his ideas by signs. Georgie is of the Greek Church, and a native of Philippopolis; where he lived amongst the Turks, and acquired from them his grave oriental

deportment. To Georgie the despatches were entrusted, with orders to deliver them to Mr. Cunningham, Her Majesty's Vice-Consul at Galatz, by whom they were to be forwarded by the steamer to Constantinople. We were seated after dinner, smoking our evening chibouks, when Georgie came to tell us that the little mail-cart, which was to take him to Ibraila and Galatz, was at the door. He received the despatches and instructions with his usual unmoved solemnity, and, getting into the narrow kish, called a mail-cart, drove off for the Danube. Knowing that Georgie would be exposed to a certain risk on his way to Galatz, I proposed to take the despatch myself. Fortunately for my comfort, I was dissuaded from the idea by Mr. Colquhoun, and the Albanian went instead. When more than a week had elapsed, and there were no tidings of him, we began to feel uneasy about his fate. Mr. Colquhoun, who is naturally one of the most kind-hearted of men, became painfully anxious about poor Georgie, who had been in his service so long. At length one evening an

employé of the Vice-Consul's at Ibraila arrived post from that town, with the news that Georgie on his way back to Bucharest had been arrested by the Russian General Inglehardt, and thrown into prison.

Georgie, whilst waiting at Ibraila to have fresh horses put to his mail-cart, left his despatches at the Vice-Consul's office, and went into a coffee-house to get something to eat. Whilst there he, as well as a servant of the Vice-Consulate, who was with him, was arrested by some Russian soldiers, and carried before General Inglehardt, who was reposing, after the fatigues of the day, in a neighbouring tavern.

"Who are you?" asked the General, when Georgie was brought before him.

"I am a messenger in the service of the British Consul-General at Bucharest," answered Georgie.

"This is not true," said the General; "you are a Turk."

"I am a Christian," said Georgie, "and belong to the orthodox faith."

"A Christian does not dress as you do.

You are a Turk, I say. Off with him to prison, and the other fellow who is in his company," cried out the General; and Georgie and his companion were locked up.

Mr. Cunningham is Vice-Consul at Ibraila as well as Galatz; but he happened just then to be at the latter town. His Chancellier, however, applied to the Wallachian Governor of the town to have Georgie released; but the Governor replied that he could not interfere, and referred the Chancellier to the Russian General. Since the occupation of the Principalities by the Russians, all British Agents have received strict injunctions to abstain from official communication with the Russian military authorities, and not in any way to recognise their right to interfere in the internal administration of the country. The Chancellier, therefore, refused to apply to the Russian General, and said that he would hold the Governor responsible for Georgie's arrest.

Mr. Cunningham arrived at Ibraila next day, and he wrote a very moderate but firm note to the Wallachian Governor of the

town, in which he simply stated that the messenger of the British Consulate-General at Bucharest, whilst in charge of despatches from the Earl of Clarendon to Her Majesty's agent in the capital of Wallachia, had been arrested by General Inglehardt, and thrown into prison. Fortunately, Mr. Cunningham added, the despatches in the messenger's charge had been left at the Vice-Consular office whilst he went to get some refreshment. The despatches, therefore, were not in his possession when he was taken to prison, and an employé of the Vice-Consulate had started with them for their destination.

Luckily General Inglehardt had discretion enough to see that the matter, as it stood, was very serious, and that if he persisted in keeping Georgie in prison it might become much more so; he, therefore, after some delay, gave orders for his release.

When Mr. Colquhoun wrote to the Wallachian Secretary of State upon his messenger's arrest, he was refused all satisfaction. The Russian Consul-General said that all he knew of Mr. Colquhoun was, that he had

hauled down his flag some time before, and that, therefore, he was then but a private person, and he ordered the Wallachian Government to take no notice of his communication. Mr. Cunningham, as well as the other English Vice-Consuls in the Principalities, had not hauled down his flag at the same time as the British and French Consuls-General at Bucharest. He was, therefore, at the time of Georgie's arrest in the full exercise of his official functions; and his application could not, therefore, be treated in the same way as Mr. Colquhoun's. Georgie remained but twenty-four hours in prison; but his long absence from Bucharest was caused by his having received orders from Mr. Cunningham to wait at Galatz for the arrival of a steamer from Constantinople, which, it was expected, would bring despatches from the Foreign Office for Mr. Colquhoun. When the expected despatches came, they were confided by the Vice-Consul to Georgie; and it was whilst on his way to Bucharest in charge of them that he was arrested by General Inglehardt.

CHAPTER XIX.

After the affair of Oltanitza the Russian soldiers who had suffered from sickness or wounds, were removed from the hospitals when they became convalescent, and were billeted upon the inhabitants. As there was not sufficient accommodation for my servant in the house where I was living, he hired a room at a neighbouring khan, where he slept. One night, on his arrival at the khan, he found all the rooms in the building occupied by Russian soldiers, his own amongst the number. He complained to the keeper of the establishment, but that functionary told him he could do nothing, and showed him rooms where whole families

slept together, and amongst whom the Russian soldiers had insisted upon quartering themselves. My servant was an Ionian, a native of Itheca, and consequently under British protection. His room, according to treaty, was therefore inviolable. This the countryman of Ulysses knew, and he accordingly went and laid a complaint before the nearest police magistrate, whom he forced to find another billet for the soldier. The Ionian was the only person in the khan who got rid of his disagreeable guest; the rest of the inmates, who were Russian subjects, Rayah Greeks, and Wallachians, were obliged to submit to their fate.

When this circumstance was told me by my servant next morning, I thought it a good opportunity of giving him a lecture upon the predilection which he, in common with all his countrymen, entertained for Russia. I asked if British soldiers had ever been quartered by force upon families in the Ionian Islands? if they had ever seized upon the property of the citizens by force? or if English officers could with impunity mal-

treat the humblest Ionian? And I asked him if Ionians, when wronged, had ever appealed to British laws for redress, or to the agents of Her Majesty's Government in other countries for protection without effect?

Ionians have been amongst the most active agents of the Russian propaganda since the commencement of the present question. They hope that when the Czar will have taken Constantinople, he will then lend his benign protection to the Seven Islands. The Ionians may, at times, have to complain of their Lord High Commissioner and his government; but that they should desire to exchange the protectorate of a free nation like Great Britain for the serfdom of Russia appears incredible.

Another project entertained very generally by the Ionians is, to unite their country with Greece; and they hope to effect this through the agency of Russia. It seems strange that an intelligent people, such as they are, should for a moment suppose that the Emperor of Russia, if he were to succeed in rendering himself predominant in

the East, would permit the kingdom of Greece, with its free institutions, to maintain its independence, or that he would increase the extent of that little constitutional power by annexing to it the Ionian Islands. It is to be presumed, however, that Russia will soon be placed in a position which will render it impossible for her to put her ambitious designs into execution, and that the Ionians and other fanatical admirers of the Czar will then take a more rational view of their position.

Late on the afternoon of a day in last December, and in the midst of a violent snow-storm, I left Bucharest for Vienna. Though six horses were harnessed to the carriage in which I travelled, our progress was but slow, owing to the badness of the roads and the inclemency of the weather. Towards midnight we stopped at a khan, where it was deemed advisable to remain till daylight. As usual, there were no beds in this khan, and nothing to eat. After some difficulty, we succeeded in lighting a fire, and with the provisions which we had taken

the precaution to bring with us from Bucharest we made a tolerable supper. I sat by the fire and smoked till the first streak of dawn appeared, when we again renewed our journey. The country being entirely covered with snow, presented everywhere the same uniform aspect of desolation. We passed through a village here and there at long intervals upon the road, and about sunset we reached the foot of the Carpathian mountains. Though the failing light increased the dangers of the ascent, we determined to attempt it, for it was impossible to remain till daylight in the desolate spot where we then were. The road over this part of the Carpathians is merely a rude gallery cut out of the side of the mountain, with a precipice on one side and a perpendicular wall of rock or sandy soil upon the other. There was barely room for the carriage to pass, and the deviation of a couple of feet from the usual track would have precipitated us into the abyss. The postilions got off and led the horses, whilst some peasants walked after the carriage, placing stones

behind the wheels every time we were forced to stop, to prevent the carriage from rolling back. When we had succeeded in gradually ascending for about two miles, one of the horses became restive and plunged violently. It was now night and we had no other light to guide us than that of the stars. It was a white horse that became restive, and from where I sat in the carriage I could see him, but indistinctly, as he reared and plunged. In the faint light of the stars he looked of monstrous size, as he attempted to spring to the side of the mountain, and then came trembling back upon the other horses. Our position was critical. It was impossible to get out of the carriage, for on one side, within a foot's breadth of the wheels, was a precipice, and on the other side was the perpendicular face of the mountain. One of the postilions at length succeeded in cutting the traces of the restive horse, and once freed, he dashed forward and disappeared in the gloom. We then began again to move on, but slowly and cautiously till we reached an open table-land. Here there

was a large barn-like building, and in it we determined to remain till daylight. We made a good fire, got our provisions out of the carriage, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could till dawn. The next morning we found that our way lay through one of the most dangerous passes in that part of the mountain. The postilions would not allow us to get into the carriage for fear of accident, so we started forward on foot. We walked on for about seven hours, when the road became slightly improved, and we began to descend again into the plains. At the foot of the mountain over which we had passed we found a small khan, where we got a very good dinner of broiled fowls and some tolerable wine. We were nearing the Austrian frontier, and the country was evidently getting more civilized. We were several miles in advance of the carriage, and we were not at all displeased to have a little time to appease our hunger and get some rest after a sleepless night and a weary walk.

It would be difficult to describe the mag-

nificence of the scenery through which we had just passed. Mountain upon mountain towered above us covered with snow, and beneath us was a dark narrow glen, on the edge of which lay our path. Shortly after leaving the hovel in which we had passed the night, the sun began to rise. We were then on the summit of one of the lesser peaks of the Carpathians, and looking back we could see through an opening in the mountain the plains of Wallachia all white with snow. Up the sun rose slowly and majestically. First came masses of dusky-red clouds, which grew gradually brighter and brighter at their edges till suddenly bursting, they melted away into rose-coloured vapour. Then the glittering beams of the sun fell upon the mountains, and as he rose the shadows crept away from their snowy sides, till gradually the scene around us became one of the most wonderful sublimity and beauty. Instinctively we knelt in the snow and prayed. This I believe is a common feeling in those who witness for the first time a scene like that

I have attempted to describe. Opening one's heart to God is an instant relief to our over-wrought sensations.

About four o'clock that afternoon we crossed the Wallachian frontier, and late in the evening we entered the town of Cronstadt. I would advise all English travellers visiting Cronstadt to ask the master of the hotel where they stop for a list of his prices beforehand, for anything so absurdly exorbitant as the charges made me at the hotel where I put up in that town I had never seen before.

Cronstadt is a charming little town in the midst of a great frowning mountain. The inhabitants seem to have nothing of that oriental apathy that one sees on the Wallachian side of the frontier, but are an active, hard-working, and prosperous people. From Cronstadt we proceeded to Hermanstadt, and from thence took the road to Arad. On our way to the latter town we had to stop for the greater part of a day on the bank of the river Marosh, till a passage was cut through the ice for the raft

which was to transport us and our carriage and horses to the other side. After some hours' rest in an excellent inn at Arad, we started for Szolnok. At Szolnok the Vienna railway begins, but between that town and Arad there is no road whatever. The carriage in which we travelled from Arad had no springs, and the jolting as we galloped along over the broken ground was so great that at times I was afraid of having a limb fractured or put out of joint. When we arrived at Szolnok, the day after our departure from Arad, I could scarcely move, I was in such pain from the jolting.

Between Szolnok and Pesth, a gend'arme came into the train, and took the passports of all the passengers, and gave us receipts in return. When within about an hour's distance from Presbourg, a police-officer entered the carriage where I was, and asked me for my passport. I handed him the receipt which his colleague had given me between Szolnock and Pesth. This, he said, was not sufficient, and that I could not go on without my passport, which I ought to have got back

from the police-office at Pesth. When the train stopped at Presbourg, a gend'arme accompanied me into the waiting-room, where he told me I must remain, for that I was under arrest, and would not be allowed to continue my journey. He said this in a loud voice, and was heard by most of the other passengers in the room. Nearly all eyes were instantly turned towards me, and in general with a sympathetic expression, for we were in Hungary, and I was looked upon, I suppose, as some political victim. As I have a great horror of noisy altercations, I waited till the gend'arme had left the room, and then following him, I took him quietly aside, and showed him an official paper, written in German, and vised by the Austrian authorities at the frontier, which stated who I was. It was not a passport, but a paper addressed to the chief of the custom-house, near Cronstadt, stating that despatches of which I was the bearer contained nothing contraband. The gend'arme on reading this document became remarkably civil. He told me I was free to continue my journey, and

that I should meet with no further annoyance on my road to Vienna. Previous to that he had not asked me what countryman I was, or where I had come from, or whither I was going.

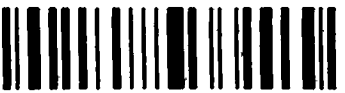
I was not sorry to find myself next morning comfortably installed at Munsch's hotel, which, by the way, is one of the best hotels in Europe in every respect. It was the unusual comfort which I found there that mainly restored my strength after the shattering journey I had had from Bucharest.

English travellers have often had to complain of the treatment which they received from the subordinates of the Austrian police. This, however, is now no longer the case, and an Englishman who conducts himself properly, may travel as freely through the whole of the Austrian empire as through any other continental country. This is entirely owing to the representations made upon the subject to the Austrian Government by the Earl of Westmorland. It is satisfactory to think also that Lord Westmorland's conciliatory policy has, at the present crisis, placed Her

Majesty's Government on friendly and cordial terms with the cabinet of Vienna.

It is very possible that before these pages come before the public, Europe will be plunged into war. The British Government, however, will have the consolation of feeling that they have done all that they could, consistent with the honour of England, to save us from that calamity; and that if they have at length adopted extreme measures, they have been forced to do so by the blind obstinacy of the Emperor of Russia. Though a cry has been raised against the policy of Her Majesty's ministers, as weak and vacillating, it has only proceeded from a fraction of the nation, whilst the great mass of the educated and well-disposed classes of the community have given their warm approbation to the wise and Christian-like conduct of the Government.

THE END.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